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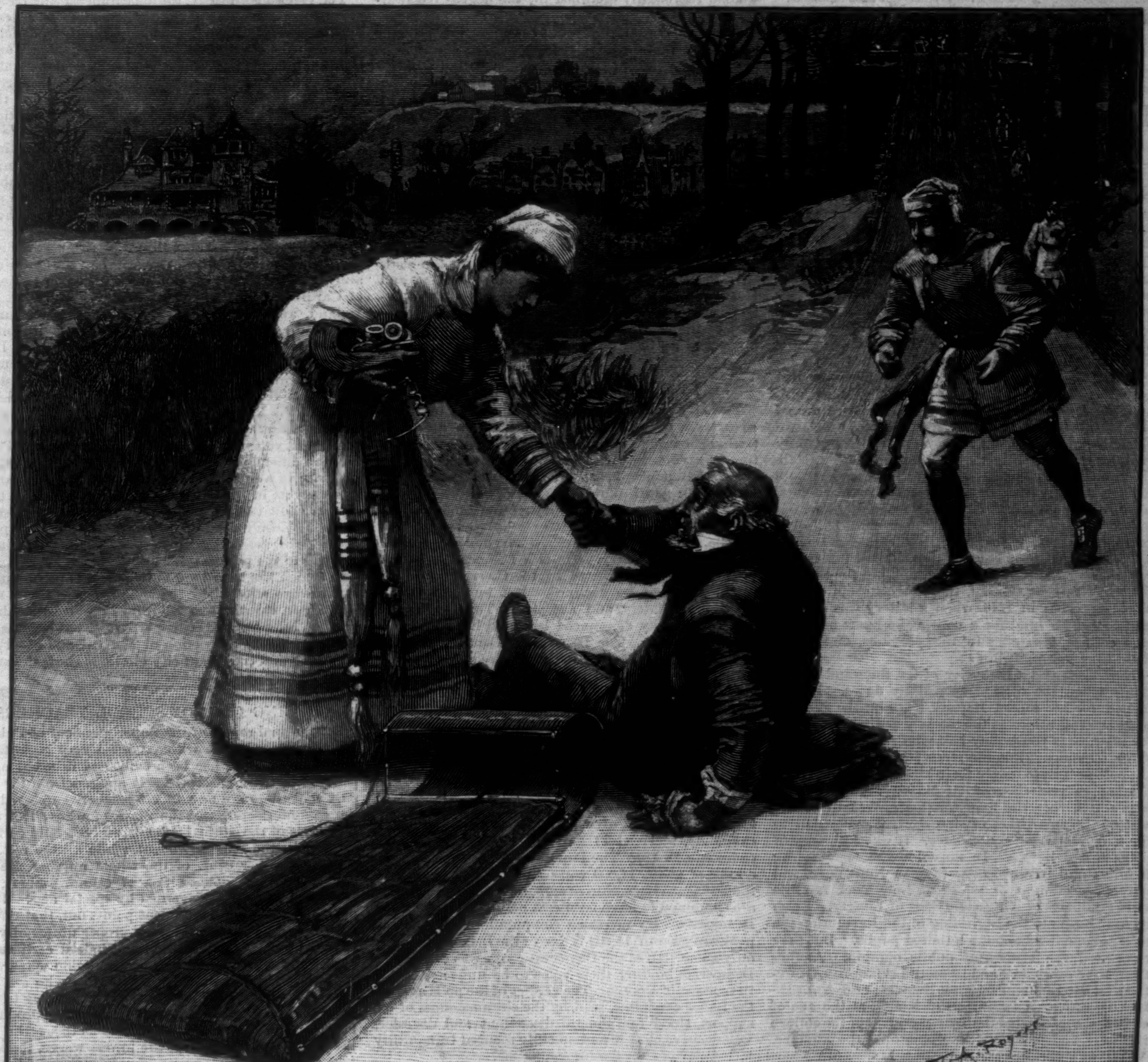

FARMER STEBBINS TOBOGGANS.

(*Sequel to "Farmer Stebbins on Rollers," in "City Ballads."*)

BY WILL CARLETON.

ROCHESTER, *February* 28.

DEAR COUSIN JOHN,—I got here safe, uncommonly alone,
An' walked the streets in head-up style quite willin' to be known,
With all the triumph in my eyes of one who works an' waits,
An' in my overcoat a pair of first-class roller skates;
An', anxious out of glory's well a bucketful to drink,
I never stopped until I reached that same old skating rink.

For ever since the fearful night I wrote about before,
I've swathed up safe an' practised sly upon my granary floor;
I tumbled till it sagged the joists, but persevered an' beat,
An' skated like a critter born with casters on its feet;
An' now I says, "These swells will learn—what my best neighbors know—
That, when he all unwinds himself, Old Stebbins ain't so slow."

But when I reached that festive place, 'twas locked up, I declare,
An' everything was desolate like, an' not a soul was there!
While on the door a brand-new sign said: "Stand up for the Right!
Salvation Army holds this fort! Prayer-meeting every night!"
I asked where all the skaters was; a passin' boy replied,
"Rink's bu'st; they're all a-takin' in the new toboggan slide!"

"Ah me!" I said; "the same old game! It's 'one go all go sheep!'"
Then started off to find the place as fast as I could creep;
For, though I criticise my race, I can't help but belong;
An' soon I found myself within the same old giddy throng.
But now they played at down an' up, instead of round an' roun',
An' skated somewhat like I did the night that I fell down.

An' some was dressed in usual style—the same as any one—
An' some had nightcaps, red an' blue, an' small bed-blankets on;
An' some rode head-first on their chins, an' some sat stiff an' still,
An' 'twasn't unlike the good old times we used to ride down-hill.
(But all through life I've noticed it—'mongst women an' 'mongst men—
This climbin' up to some large height, to be pushed down again!)

As I thus mused who should come up the easy, stair-cased slopes
But my old young true treacherous friend Miss Is'bel Sunnyhopes!
Who's got me into more small scrapes than any girl on earth,
An' always helped me out again, with tender-seasoned mirth;
But everything looked safe like as she fluttered to my side,
And said, "My dear friend!—is it you?—do come and have a ride!"

[*Continued on page* 278.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE grows better and better every year."—*New York Herald.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued April 12 contains the first instalment of a three-part story, entitled

THE VICTIM OF AN ADVERTISEMENT,

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "SILENT PETE," ETC.

It is illustrated by W. P. SNYDER.

"*Mr. Thompson and his Books,*" *by* ALLAN FORMAN, *is one of the amusing "Thompson stories" that have delighted the readers of this periodical from time to time during the past few years.* "*My Spider*" *is a humorous study in natural history by* ISABEL FREELAND.

LITTLE COOKS AND DRESS-MAKERS

is the title of an article by MARGARET E. SANGSTER *on the Wilson Industrial School. It has three illustrations by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE CENTENARY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THIS week Columbia College in New York celebrates the one-hundredth anniversary of its reorganization under its present name. In the order of time Columbia was the sixth of the colonial colleges. Harvard was founded in 1636, William and Mary in 1692, Yale in 1700, Princeton in 1746, the University of Pennsylvania in 1749, and King's, afterward Columbia, in 1754. New Amsterdam had been settled one hundred and twenty years before, and the difference between the original impulse of the foundation of the two great colonies of Massachusetts Bay and of New Amsterdam is illustrated by nothing more signally than by the time of the establishment of the college. The New York leaders were merchants; the New England leaders were scholars. The merchants looked down upon the scholars, but were content to let them teach their children. The scholars naturally founded their college at once. The merchants were content to wait, and fitted their children for the counting-house, and not for the pulpit. Chief-Justice SMITH, the first historian of New York, says that in 1746, when a lottery was authorized to raise a fund for a college, he knew but thirteen college graduates in the province, and all of them were young men.

New York was a little city of ten thousand inhabitants when the college opened its doors. It was named for his sacred Majesty GEORGE the Second, whose qualifications as the tutelary genius of a school for ingenuous youth may be found recorded in HERVEY'S memoirs. But the motive of the founders of the college was to testify their loyalty, and to invoke the benign protection of his Majesty. Yet the college which bore the King's name proved to be the seat of the ablest and most renowned opposition to the King's assumed prerogative. It was a nursery of patriots and heroes. In no colony were "leading families" more conspicuous than in New York, and the heads of most of the great New York families were graduates of King's and Sons of Liberty. From its foundation to the beginning of the Revolution the college graduated about a hundred pupils. But they comprised the leaders of public opinion. Among them were JOHN JAY and ROBERT LIVINGSTON, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS and EGBERT BENSON; and ALEXANDER HAMILTON, a Freshman of King's, at the age of eighteen, confounded the Tory president of the college in debate, and led the patriotic opinion of the province. What was best in New York at that time was characteristically represented in King's College. It was one of the most important institutions of the province, the image of its intelligence, its ability, its moral heroism, and its social traditions. The true value of a college was never more plainly illustrated. Generous studies, familiarity with human experience and achievement in every time and country, train men for leadership in emergencies. Their weight and influence are not measured by their number, but by their quality. Archimedes sighed for a fulcrum on which to rest that he might move the world; LUTHER came from the university and moved it. Colleges do not make great men, but they train them. The youth with the instinct of greatness naturally seeks education, and the college is founded by the involuntary self-interest of the community to gratify his desire.

The instruction of King's College was suspended by the war, and when the Revolution was accomplished a system of higher education was organized by the State around the college as its nucleus, and called the University of New York. But the scheme as designed was not found to be practicable, and the act was modified, and provided for a distinct corporation for every college. The modified act was approved by the Council of Revision on the 13th of April, 1787, and Columbia College was incorporated. During all the century, to the present moment which completes it, the representative relation of the college to the city has been maintained. Union College was chartered by the Regents eight years later, and many and admirable colleges and universities have since sprung up with the imperial advance of the State. But Columbia has held firmly her primacy, and the college was never so prosperous and so promising as now. With the modern extension of the curriculum she has advanced *œquo pede*, and her scientific and professional schools are of just and general renown. Highly conservative, and following the old ways, she wisely heeds the progress of thought and the decline of reverend traditions, and at her last Commencement a woman thoroughly qualified for the degree received from Columbia—and for the first time from an American college—the Doctorate of Philosophy; and when, amid the thunder of applause that shook the Academy, the senior professor in the faculty gallantly hastened in his official robe to bear for the new Doctor the baskets of flowers that adorned her triumph, and to attend her from the stage, it was easy to see the good genius of Columbia advancing to meet Time and Progress half-way, and to adapt herself to a revolution in scholastic precedent as she had led a revolution in political government. The celebration of the week will be a memorable event in the annals of the college. In the midst of the loud uproar of necessary material strife, the strident competition of self-interest, the voice of the higher relations of man, of the pursuits that elevate the mind and charm the soul, will be heard, and the political children of JAY and HAMILTON and LIVINGSTON and MORRIS and CLINTON will gladly pay the homage of respectful attention to the story of the college which trained these great men for their great services to the country.

THE LATE SIGNIFICANT ELECTIONS.

THE city elections in Chicago and Cincinnati last week were very significant. In Chicago the registration showed 96,000 voters, divided among four parties, whose vote last autumn for county officers was as follows: Republican, 37,000; Democratic, 22,000; Labor, 18,000; and Prohibition, about 1000. The Mayor, CARTER HARRISON, made himself notorious a year ago for his practical sympathy with the anarchists, and he seems to be as sheer a demagogue as is to be found in the country. He is a Democrat, and was unanimously renominated by the Convention of his party. At first he declined. But he changed his mind immediately, and accepted. The Democratic press of the city denounced him, and he was driven from the ticket. The Democratic Committee could find no substitute, even if they desired to find one, which is doubted, and without a Democratic candidate it was possible that the Labor candidate, who was supported by the socialists and anarchists, might be elected by the aid of Democratic votes. HARRISON, to secure this result, tried to throw his vote to the Labor candidate. This open bid for disorder drove away a large body of his supporters. The ordinary party ties were dissolved, and the sole issue of the election was order against anarchy. The result was a total vote of 74,768, of which ROCHE, the Republican candidate, received 51,268, and NELSON, the Labor candidate, 23,410. The Republican vote shows an increase of about 14,000 votes since last autumn, and the socialist vote a gain of 5675, of which at least 3000 are computed to have been cast mainly by dissatisfied Democrats. By the same computation, also, the Republican gain of 14,000 is due to the Democrats. But only about half of the Democratic vote was cast, many Democrats holding their votes to be unnecessary for the success of ROCHE. The verdict of the polls against the Labor candidate, who, by the circumstances of his support, stood for general discontent and disorder, was decisive, and it undoubtedly secured tranquillity to the city of Chicago for some time.

The significance of the election, however, lies not in the election of the candidate of order and the total overthrow of the demagogue HARRISON, but in the fact that the so-called Labor party should be strong enough to compel the two old parties to unite in order to prevent the success of the new organization, and that this result in Chicago followed that of the day before in Cincinnati, when the highest Republican vote was 19,642; the highest Democratic, 13,453; and the highest Labor vote was 17,367. The Labor candidate for Mayor was defeated by a plurality of 596 only, and the Democratic party now ranks as third in the city. The chairman of the Republican Committee is reported to have said that many Republicans staid at home, and that some Republicans and the Democrats very generally supported the Labor ticket. The Labor candidate for Mayor is reported to have said that the German and Irish voters, especially the latter, largely supported him. The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, a Republican paper, points out that while in New York last November the Republicans who left their ticket voted for the Democratic candidate against the Labor candidate, in Cincinnati the Democrats who left their own ticket voted for the Labor candidate. These three city elections are the most important of the year, and the result in Chicago and Cincinnati, with the 68,000 votes for HENRY GEORGE in New York, shows an organized political force which must be carefully reckoned with in all Presidential calculations for next year, yet of which, as we stated last week, Mr. SHERMAN takes no account. The organization of a Labor party, however vague and crude its objects, and however unintelligent may be its methods, is yet an unmistakable declaration that "Labor" does not consider itself to be protected by the Republican policy of protection. Republicans, indeed, must face the fact that "Labor" holds that "Capital" has flourished unjustly under Republican domination, and that the sympathy of corporations, monopolies, and wealth is suspiciously with the Republican party.

Yet, viewed politically, the appearance of the Labor party threatens the Republican less than the Democratic, because the circumstances and tendencies shown in the elections in New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago indicate such inroads upon the Democratic party as to compel an alliance with the Labor party, which would detach many Democrats toward the Republicans. But in New York, where the election probably will be decided, and where the total vote is very equally distributed between the two old parties, even if the more conservative Democrats should unite for the occasion with the Republicans, the Republican party would be menaced by the Temperance secession and by the Independent demand for a thoroughly satisfactory candidate. Moreover, the result of the city elections shows that the Irish vote which the Republicans gained in 1884 will be very doubtful, and probably withdrawn, in 1888. The declarations of Cardinal GIBBONS, and of Archbishop CROKE in Ireland, and the evidently milder tone of Rome toward the Knights of Labor, forecast a still more friendly disposition of the Irish vote toward the Labor party. Nor is there much doubt that the Democratic machine tactics in New York will be addressed to a practical alliance with that party. The rapid increase of the Prohibition vote also is a necessary element in a survey of the situation. In Michigan, with the largest vote ever cast at a spring election, the Prohibition amendment was defeated only by about 4000 majority in a total vote of about 95,000. The large adverse vote in Detroit was the fatal blow. But the figures show the force of a sentiment which is deepening, not declining, and which draws chiefly upon Republican votes. Such a survey shows essential changes in the political situation. Party reorganization, which has been long anticipated, is proceeding. It is always effected by the action of those who are heartily in earnest, and who have decided that they have no hope from existing parties. That is evidently the increasing conviction of "Labor" and of "Prohibition," and the recent city elections show the suggestive results.

LICENSING COMMON-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York contains a very important proposition, which has been embodied in a bill now pending in the Legislature. It appears from the report that there are now 31,325 teachers employed in the common schools of the State, of whom 1260 are graduates of the Normal Schools, and 805 hold certificates from the Superintendent, while all the rest, or ninety-three per cent. of the whole number, are licensed by local officers, School Commissioners, or Boards of Education governed by special acts. It is obvious, as the Superintendent points out, that under such a system there can be no proper uniformity in the standard of qualification, and indeed certificates are often issued without any examination whatever. Thus many persons receive certificates who are entirely incompetent. This is most discouraging to the qualified candidates, because such a course produces more teachers than are needed, and as those who are the least fitted will accept the lowest wages, the system practically offers a premium upon incompetency. It is evident from the general tone of the Superintendent's report, although it is not specifically stated, that he is not satisfied with the present condition and prospects of the schools, and his recommendations are worthy of careful attention as those of a vigilant officer sincerely interested in the important public interest intrusted to his supervision.

In view of the unquestionable injury to the efficiency of the common-school instruction which arises from the present method of licensing teachers, Superintendent DRAPER suggests a change in the following terms:

> "It is recommended that the present system of granting licenses be stopped at once; that simultaneous examinations be held throughout the State, perhaps twice in each year, by City Superintendents and School Commissioners upon uniform question papers prepared by this Department; that the local school authorities hold any additional examinations which they may desire for the purpose of testing the moral qualities or practical capabilities of the candidates, and that they have the right to reject candidates for any cause they may think sufficient; that the examination papers of such candidates as may be approved by the local officers be forwarded to the Department for examination, and that certificates of various grades be issued to such of them as have passed the required standards. Each certificate should indicate the standing of the holder, and should grant privileges according to qualifica-

tions, and the system should be so arranged as to make it possible and desirable for persons in one grade to rise to the next one."

The bill now pending is based upon this recommendation, and as politics are always suspected in such propositions it is proper to mention that this change was originally suggested by Mr. Ruggles, the late Superintendent, in his last report. As Mr. Ruggles was as good a Democrat as Mr. Draper is a Republican, the suspicion of aiming at party advantage in the recommendation may be discarded, and it may be safely assumed that both gentlemen were moved by an honest and public-spirited desire to improve the common schools. The natural and immediate result of the change would be uniformity of qualification in the teachers, and consequently in the standard of instruction throughout the State. Such examinations undoubtedly would ascertain not merely the knowledge of the candidates, but their character and their natural intelligence, tact and special fitness for teaching. It would exclude incompetent teachers, and it would greatly improve both the morals of the teachers and the practical efficiency and thoroughness of the instruction, and it would enable the local school authorities to devote themselves to the supervision of the actual work in the schools.

The excellent consequences of such a system of conducting examinations are proved by the Regents' examinations. The papers are prepared at the office of the Regents, and are sent to every academy in the State under their visitation, and the testimony is universal that the standard of instruction in the academies has been raised and is sustained by the system. Undoubtedly such a scheme is open to abuse; but it is demonstrated that the present plan of license in the common school is greatly abused, and if the choice were only a choice of evils, it is wholly in favor of the Superintendent's plan. In fact, however, it is not a choice of evils. It is the preference of a good system to a bad system. It imposes a definite responsibility in place of the present irresponsible method. It dignifies the office of the Superintendency of Common Schools as becomes its great importance, and in so doing elevates the whole system. It is said that it gives extraordinary opportunities to an unscrupulous politician. But such an officer has all such opportunities under the present system without the checks which the bill proposes. Moreover, such an argument tends to deprive every officer of powers necessary for the proper discharge of his duties. The State of New York has a population as large as that of England at the beginning of the last century, and its system of popular education is of the highest importance. It demands for its utmost usefulness the most careful, thorough, and effective organization, and this can be accomplished only by a uniform, intelligent, and comprehensive supervision which is felt at every point. The way to improve the system is not to weaken the head and to foster a disjointed aggregation of unrelated parts, but to provide a wise uniformity and progressive excellence, which is the object of the pending bill. Certain amendments may be found desirable to make the bill more effective, but its general purpose is admirable.

RHODE ISLAND.

The result of the election in Rhode Island is the most signal illustration yet afforded of the progress of independence in politics. Its lesson can hardly be misunderstood by the most stupid of partisan politicians. It is the reiterated and emphatic warning that there is a great and increasing body of Republicans who will not be whipped in to the support of corrupt men and mean methods by the cry that to defeat them will be to bring in the party that sustained slavery and maltreated the freedmen and encouraged rebellion. If Republicanism means the control of such men, and if the purpose and spirit of the party cannot prevent such control, practically the party deserves defeat.

We pointed out last week that Mr. Wetmore, the Republican candidate, was an estimable gentleman. But he is not a leader nor a political force, and in politics he represented merely the venal ring which has long dominated Rhode Island Republicanism. To vote for him was to support the ring, and if the power of a ring is ever to be broken, it must be done by breaking it, not by strengthening and supporting it. From a purely party point of view the Providence *Journal*, which led the Republican revolt against the ring, has served the party by inciting its defeat much more effectively than those who stormed at it, and did what they could to identify Republicanism with corruption and mercenary rule. Every vote for a venal ring is a stab at the party which the ring professes to represent.

It remains to be seen whether these trenchant lessons of the spring will be heeded by Republican leaders. But whether they heed or not, these lessons are of the highest public service in showing intelligent citizens the value and power of independence in politics. Independence means only a manly self-respect. It means scorn of abusing the highest right of citizenship by prostituting the ballot to the support of political sharpers. It means carrying your sovereignty under your own hat and not in the pocket of a boss. Every lover of good government and honest politics has reason to congratulate himself upon the Republican rebuke administered to the Republican ring in Rhode Island.

JOHN G. SAXE.

There was something very sad in the eclipse of the merry genius of John G. Saxe. He was a pleasant and ready humorist in former days, writing verses that laughed through the papers and magazines and compelled the smile of every reader. It was innocent mirth, with only the most general satiric purpose, never wounding individuals nor arousing personal animosities, and Saxe's generous sympathy and cordial manner made him always welcome. But his cheerful laugh ceased suddenly, and he was overwhelmed by great family sorrows, from whose shadow he never emerged. It is a melancholy picture, that of the once rollicking poet sitting for months and even years in his solitary chamber, and watching with unsmiling face the distant river and the quiet landscape, craving no companionship, but more and more secluded, until the end came quietly and he was no more. His associates in the literary calling cannot but remember him with the utmost kindness and sympathy and sorrow.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The appointment of Mr. Fairchild as Secretary of the Treasury has been long anticipated, and it was justified by his admirable management of the Treasury during the last year after the illness of Mr. Manning. Mr. Fairchild's character and intelligence, his sound financial views, and his invaluable experience singularly qualify him for the office, and his appointment has been received with satisfaction even by the Republican press. The Secretary is in thorough accord with the President both as to the true financial policy and the general principles of administration. He is a Democrat, but he holds that it would be very poor Democratic policy, and an abandonment of common-sense and of all approved business methods, to turn out every honest, capable, and efficient clerk because of his views upon public questions, so long as they are not allowed improperly to affect his conduct. Mr. Fairchild's appointment is another evidence of the high public purpose and true conservatism of the President.

AT THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB.

Mr. Ivins's paper upon money in elections, read before the Commonwealth Club, was followed by another in the same general vein by Mr. Joseph B. Bishop, which described in detail the personality and the methods of Boss rule in the city, the kind of politics and candidates which the system produces, and the proper and practicable remedies. Both of these papers are very valuable contributions to the discussion of local politics, because they furnish facts and details, and being full of indispensable information, enable the proper kind of remedy and its feasibility to be determined.

The details of Mr. Bishop's paper are exceedingly interesting, and his statement of the fact of the existence of 45,000 machine mercenaries in the city is most significant. It is the supporters of this band as a body natural to our institutions and essential to them who decry the appointment of honest and fit men, after due examination and actual probation, in the public service, as the creation of an aristocracy. Mr. Bishop well says, "I leave it to you, gentlemen, to decide which is the greater peril to our institutions, the taking of the 7000 or 8000 industrious and trained employés out of active politics in this city or the leaving of the 45,000 mercenaries in." This question, after the array of facts, must have been rather troublesome to those members of the Commonwealth Club who think that the utmost partisan activity should be allowed as of right to every place-holder.

Mr. Bishop describes clearly the English law restraining the use of money at elections, which has been found to be of the utmost practical service, and his paper, like that of Mr. Ivins, will have the excellent effect of emancipating a multitude of voters in the city by showing them what it is that their votes support, and who it is that nominates the candidates whom they are asked to elect. No stronger light has been thrown upon the costly and demoralizing humbug of party politics in city elections than by Mr. Ivins and Mr. Bishop. Their papers are tracts which should be placed in the hands of every intelligent voter in the city as one of the surest means of securing the support of such voters for honest and capable municipal officers. The habit of self-respecting independence in local affairs would have the most beneficial effect upon national politics.

PERSONAL.

Fourteen young ladies are now fencing three times a week in the rooms of the Fencers' Club. Captain Nicolas, their instructor, gives them the same course of lessons that he gives to men, and finds them more apt than men, especially in mastery of details. They are less in a hurry to fight, and are more supple of limb.

—Mr. Samuel P. Avery has received from Mlle. Rosa Bonheur an interesting photograph of herself, taken recently at Nice. The distinguished artist wears a jacket much resembling a man's sack-coat, and her breast is decorated with several interesting medals. Her hair is iron-gray, cut short, and her features are masculinely strong.

—Mr. George I. Seney's gift of $40,000 worth of foreign and American oil-paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is entirely characteristic of the man. No owner of pictures is more liberal in lending them for purposes of public exhibition than Mr. Seney. Two of the canvases are figure pieces in Rembrandtesque style by Israels, whose art is known in this country chiefly from the encomiums of European critics, and is greatly valued by artists. Mr. Seney buys his pictures according to the dictates of his own taste. Some of his artist friends admire some of them; others dislike some of them; in fact, he has found that there is no unanimity of judgment in pictorial matters, and accordingly he long ago resolved to trust his own impulses. He first saw the works of Israels during a visit to London.

—There are ten artists in the Moran family. Mr. Thomas Moran and his wife, Mr. Edward Moran and his two sons, Leon and Percy, Mr. Peter Moran and his sister and nephew, are well known to the public, although the nephew's name is Ferris. Thomas, Edward, and Peter are brothers.

—Goodall Bey, one of the few English officers who escaped in the massacre of foreigners at the time of the Egyptian rebellion, and for a considerable time private secretary to the Khedive, is visiting the United States for the benefit of his health, which suffered much in that service.

—An old man from Cohasset, Massachusetts, Mr. John B. Hollis, whose age is ninety-two years, has been astonishing the keepers of Boston shooting-galleries by making off-hand a half-dozen consecutive centres and bull's-eyes. What makes his feats more remarkable is that his left arm was removed many years ago by the premature explosion of a rifle, and he has only a wooden stump like Cap'n Cuttle's on which to rest his gun.

—Mr. R. H. Smith, of Chicago, has presented to the Illinois Club of that city the largest table ever made from a single plank, it being fifteen feet long and six feet wide. During a recent visit to California Mr. Smith had the plank from which the table was made cut from one of the mammoth red-wood trees of that State.

—Mr. George R. Lambdin, a well-known Philadelphia artist, has been compelled to suspend work by a serious affection of the eyes, and has placed the contents of his studio on exhibition preparatory to sale.

—Mr. Lee Meriwether, whose *Europe on Fifty Cents a Day* has attracted general attention, has just completed a careful investigation into the work and wages of working-girls of New Orleans for the Federal Labor Bureau, and is about to begin the same inquiry in Philadelphia.

—Mr. William Peter, an English tourist, recently accomplished the difficult feat of entering the Yosemite Valley on snow-shoes. He walked over about eighty miles of roads on which the snow lay ten feet deep; but he met with no accident, and saw the great valley in its winter robe of snow and ice.

—A reception in the European style was given last month in Tokio by Mrs. Suizo Aoki and her husband, the Japanese Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. About four hundred guests, Japanese and foreign, were present, and the remarkable feature of the occasion was that there was only one Japanese costume in the company. The Japanese ladies were noticeable for their fine dresses and for their display of handsome diamonds. An elegant supper was served, and after the ball carriages conveyed the Yokohama guests to the railroad station, where a special train was in waiting for them. A Yokohama English journal comments on the change which has taken place in twenty years in a city where the foreign visitor then went about with a heavily armed guard to resist the attacks of thieving bands of natives who regarded it meritorious to butcher a European.

—Mr. P. D. Armour has purchased an estate in Los Angeles, California, and in future intends spending a part of the winter there, instead of going to Florida, as many wealthy Chicagoans do. He is building a fine house at Los Angeles.

—One of the most beautiful of the many fine country-seats in the Santa Clara Valley of California is Millbrae, the property of Mr. D. O. Mills, to which he returns annually for his summer vacation. The place is far enough removed from the ocean to escape the heavy fogs and cold winds of San Francisco, while it is free from the sultry heat of the great interior valleys. On it are some of the purest breeds of Jersey cattle in California.

—Mr. John Rosenfeld, of San Francisco, one of the largest grain operators in the world, recently sent to Liverpool a cargo of 4000 tons of wheat in his new ship, the *Willie Rosenfeld*, one of the finest specimens of American ships. She carried the largest cargo of wheat ever sent through the Golden Gate on a sailing vessel.

—A Chicago woman who is becoming noted for her extensive charities is Mrs. Mancel Talcott, widow of a well-known business man of that city. Mrs. Talcott's latest benevolent enterprise is the establishment and maintenance of two day nurseries, where the children of working-women are taken care of. An average of one thousand children are cared for in these nurseries every month.

—Edward Everett Hale has one son doing promising work in the Paris studios, and another in the central freight office of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—The leading bookseller of San Francisco declares that the most popular book he has had for many months is Mr. H. Rider Haggard's *She* in the illustrated "Franklin Square" edition. He sold 1500 copies the first fortnight after he received the work, and the demand continues steadily. Sidewalk news dealers, who abound in San Francisco, give their sales of *She* as from 200 to 500 copies.

—It is now understood that Mr. George M. Pullman, of Chicago, will decline the decoration and title recently conferred upon him by the King of Italy, not deeming their acceptance consistent with his principles as a citizen of a republic. Mr. Pullman's family is travelling in the South in a special car.

—Mr. Henry C. Lea has at last completed his *History of the Holy Inquisition*, the labor of years. Only two histories of the Inquisition have been heretofore published, and both of them are limited, covering only a part of the field. Mr. Lea's work will be in three volumes.

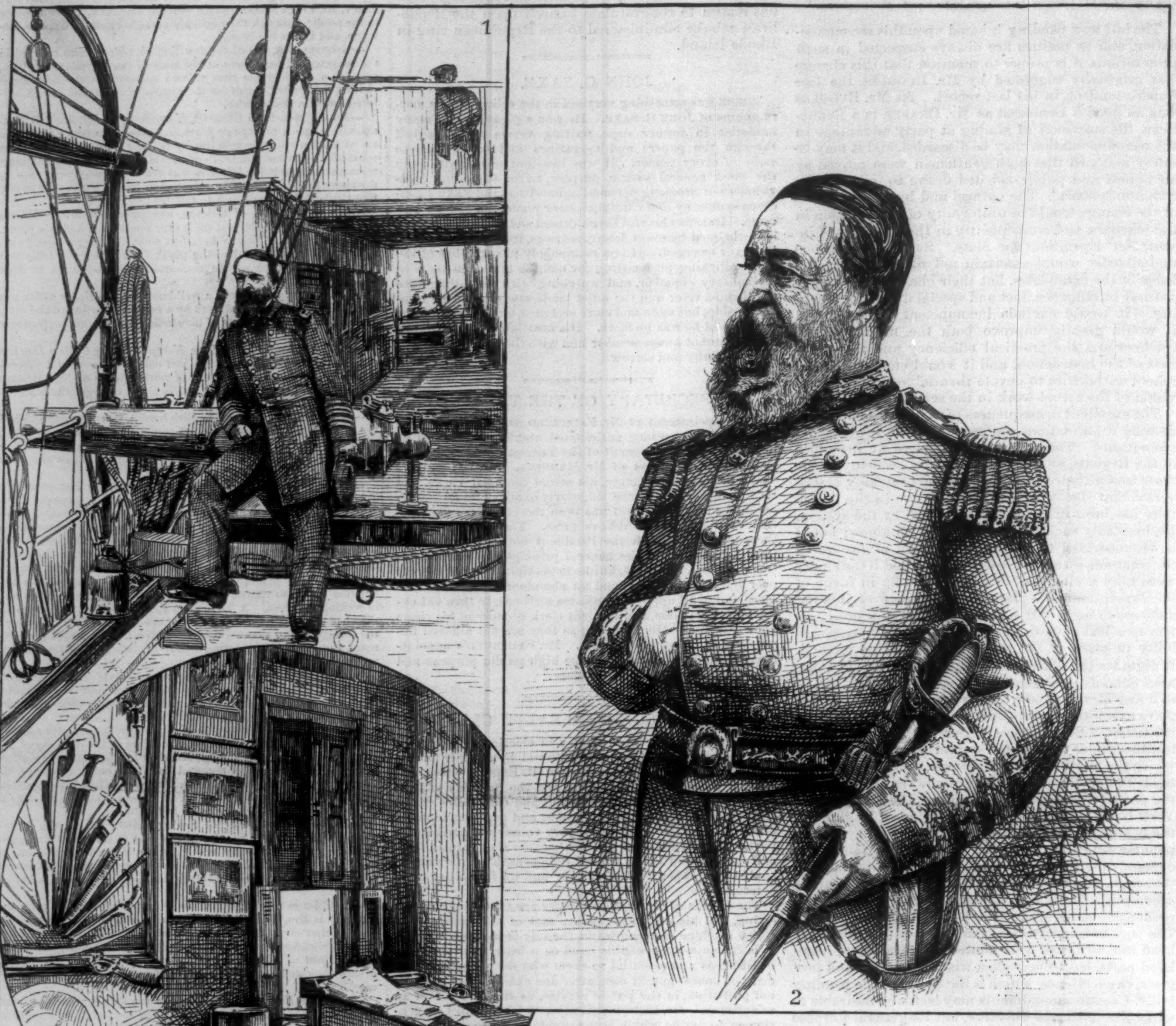
—The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of the First Baptist Church, Chicago, created something of a sensation at a recent meeting of evangelists and temperance workers by announcing that he believed himself to be the best-natured man in the world, having worked a whole week with a revivalist without having a row. Dr. Lorimer was formerly an actor.

—The only son of United States Senator Hearst, of California, has been presented by his father with the San Francisco *Examiner*, a valuable newspaper property.

—A Chicago policeman named Beaubien is the oldest native-born resident of that city, being fifty years of age. His father, Mark Beaubien, was known in 1835 as "the Chicago fiddler."

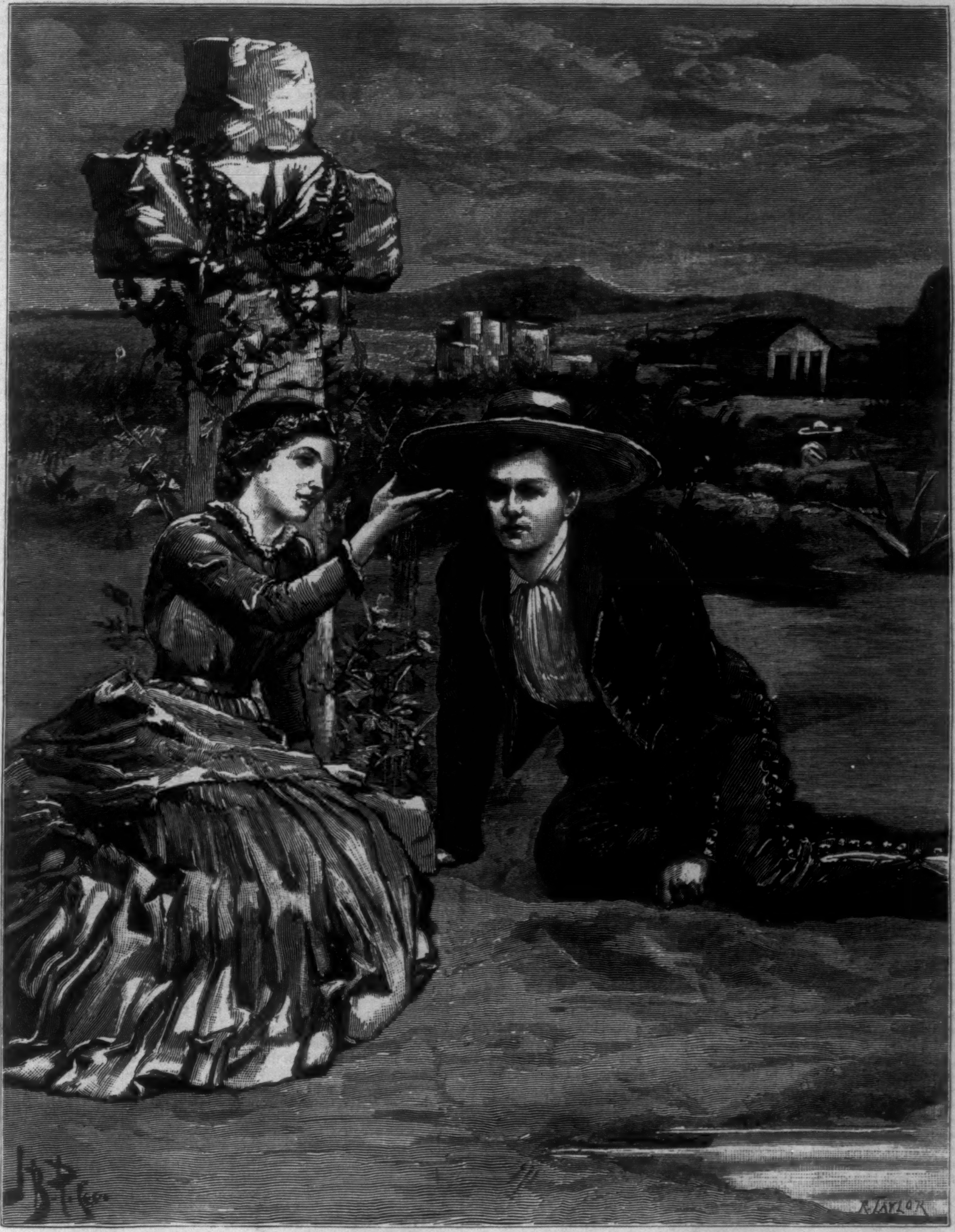
—The idyl of "Elaine" has been transmuted into a melodrama of four acts by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, and will be played at the Madison Square Theatre on the afternoon of the 26th of April, Miss Annie Russell taking the part of Elaine, and Mr. Alexander Salvini that of Lancelot. There are 1200 lines of blank verse, 450 of which are adapted from the poem, or directly taken from it. Two new characters are introduced—one of them Llanyd, a girl friend of Elaine's, who has a love affair with Sir Torre. Elaine dies at the end of the third act, and the fourth act opens with a brilliant reproduction of Toby Rosenthal's picture of the dead girl on a barge steered by her dumb servitor.

—Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, missionary at Chefee, China, recently occupied the pulpit at the First Presbyterian Church, Wichita, Kansas. At the close of his interesting address a collection was called for, accompanied by the statement that $135 was needed to carry on this missionary work. When the collection was counted it amounted to $1633; and after the evening service at the same church another collection was taken np, the morning and evening collections together aggregating $2136 87. Dr. Corbett says this gift has not been equalled anywhere in the United States. They wished to raise $30,000 at Wichita recently for the Y. M. C. A. Building, but in only three days $47,000 were raised. The Y. M. C. A. Building now in process of erection will cost from $75,000 to $100,000.



THE ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY.—Drawn by Carl J. Becker.—[See Page 274.]

1. In Command of the *Powhatan*. 2. Admiral Porter. 3. The Admiral's Office. 4. Passing the Rebel Batteries on the Mississippi. 5. The Admiral's House in Washington.



"SHE HAD SCRAPED UP A HANDFUL OF SAND, AND WAS ALLOWING IT TO ESCAPE THROUGH HER FINGERS IN A SLENDER RAIN ON THE GROUND."

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."*

By BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

While these various passions had been kindled by her compatriots in the peaceful shades of Todos Santos, Eleanor Keene had moved among them indifferently and, at times, unconsciously. The stranding of her young life on that unknown shore had not drawn her toward her fellow-exiles, and the circumstances which afterward separated her from daily contact with them completed the social estrangement. She found herself more in sympathy with these strangers, with whom she had never mingled familiarly, than with her own people, who had mixed with them more or less contemptuously. She found the naïveté of Doña Isabel more amusing than the doubtful simplicity of that married *ingénue* Mrs. Brimmer, although she still met the young girl's advances with a certain reserve; she found herself often pained by the practical brusqueness with which Mrs. Markham put aside the Comandante's delicate attentions; she was moved with a strange pity for his child-like trustfulness, which she knew was hopeless. As the months passed, on the few occasions that she still met the *Excelsior's* passengers she was surprised to find how they had faded from her memory, and to discover in them the existence of qualities that made her wonder how she could have ever been familiar with them. She reproached herself with this fickleness; she wondered if she would have felt thus if they had completed their voyage to San Francisco together; and she recalled, with a sad smile, the enthusiastic plans they had formed during the passage to perpetuate their fellowship by anniversaries and festivals. But she at last succumbed, and finally accepted their open alienation as preferable to the growing awkwardness of their chance encounters.

For a few weeks following the flight of Captain Bunker, and her acceptance of the hospitality and protection of the Council, she became despondent. The courage that had sustained her, and the energy she had shown in the first days of their abandonment, suddenly gave way, for no apparent reason. She bitterly regretted the brother whom she scarcely remembered; she imagined his suspense and anguish on her account, and suffered for both; she felt the dumb pain of homesickness for a home she had never known. Her loneliness became intolerable. Her condition at last affected Mrs. Markham, whose own idleness had been beguiled by writing to her husband an exhaustive account of her captivity, which had finally swelled to a volume on Todos Santos, its resources, inhabitants, and customs. "Good heavens! you must do something, child, to occupy your mind—if it is only a flirtation with that conceited Secretary." But this terrible alternative was happily not required. The Comandante had still retained as part of the old patriarchal government of the Mission the Presidio school for the primary instruction of the children of the soldiers—dependents of the garrison. Miss Keene, fascinated by several little pairs of beady black eyes that had looked up trustingly to hers from the play-ground on the glacis, offered to teach English to the Comandante's flock. The offer was submitted to the spiritual head of Todos Santos, and full permission given by Padre Esteban to the fair heretic. Singing was added to the instruction, and in a few months the fame of the gracious Doña Leonor's pupils stirred to emulation even the boy choristers of the Mission.

Her relations with James Hurlstone during this interval were at first marked by a strange and unreasoning reserve. Whether she resented the singular coalition forced upon them by the Council, and felt the awkwardness of their unintentional imposture when they met, she did not know, but she generally avoided his society. This was not difficult, as he himself had shown no desire to intrude his confidences upon her; and even in her shyness she could not help thinking that if he had treated the situation lightly or humorously—as she felt sure Mr. Brace or Mr. Crosby would have done—it would have been less awkward and unpleasant. But his gloomy reserve seemed to the high-spirited girl to color their innocent partnership with the darkness of conspiracy. "If your conscience troubles you, Mr. Hurlstone, in regard to the wretched infatuation of these people," she had once said, "undeceive them, if you can, and I will assist you. And don't let that affair of Captain Bunker worry you either. I have already confessed to the Comandante that he escaped through my carelessness." "You could not have done otherwise, without sacrificing the poor Secretary, who must have helped you," Hurlstone had returned, quietly. Miss Keene had bit her lip and dropped the subject. At their next meeting Hurlstone himself resumed it. "I hope you don't allow that absurd decree of the Council to disturb you; I imagine they're quite convinced of their folly. I know that the Padre is; and I know that he thinks you've earned a right to the gratitude of the Council in your gracious task at the Presidio school, that is far beyond any fancied political service." "I really haven't thought about it at all," said Miss Keene, coolly. "I thought it was *you* who were annoyed." "I? Not at all," returned Hurlstone, quickly. "I have been able to assist the Padre in arranging the ecclesiastical archives of the Mission, and in suggesting some improvement in codifying the ordinances of the last forty years. No; I believe I'm earning my living here, and I fancy they think so." "Then it isn't *that* that troubles you?" said Miss Keene, carelessly, but glancing at him under the shade of her lashes. "No," he said, coldly, turning away.

Yet unsatisfactory as the brief interviews were, they revived in Miss Keene the sympathizing curiosity and interest she had always felt for this singular man, and which had been only held in abeyance at the beginning of their exile; in fact, she found herself thinking of him more during the interval when they seldom saw each other, and apparently had few interests in common, than when they were aboard of the *Excelsior*. Gradually she slipped into three successive phases of feeling toward him, each of them marked with an equal degree of peril to her peace of mind. She began with a profound interest in the mystery of his secluded habits, his strange abstraction, and a recognition of the evident superiority of a nature capable of such deep feeling—uninfluenced by those baser distractions which occupied Brace, Crosby, and Winslow. This phase passed into a settled conviction that some woman was at the root of his trouble, and responsible for it. With an instinctive distrust of her own sex she was satisfied that it must be either a misplaced or unworthy attachment, and that the unknown woman was to blame. This second phase—which hovered between compassion and resentment—suddenly changed to the latter—the third phase of her feelings. Miss Keene became convinced that Mr. Hurlstone had a settled aversion to *herself*. Why and wherefore, she did not attempt to reason, yet she was satisfied that from the first he disliked her. His studious reserve on the *Excelsior*, compared with the attentions of the others, ought to then have convinced her of the fact; and there was no doubt now that his present discontent could be traced to the unfortunate circumstances that brought them together. Having given herself up to that idea, she vacillated between a strong impulse to inform him that she knew his real feelings and an equally strong instinct to avoid him hereafter entirely. The result was a feeble compromise. On the ground that Mr. Hurlstone could "scarcely be expected to admire her inferior performances," she declined to invite him with Father Esteban to listen to her pupils. Father Esteban took a huge pinch of snuff, examined Miss Keene attentively, and smiled a sad smile. The next day he begged Hurlstone to take a volume of old music to Miss Keene with his compliments. Hurlstone did so, and for some reason exerted himself to be agreeable. As he made no allusion to her rudeness, she presumed he did not know of it, and speedily forgot it herself. When he suggested a return visit to the boy choir, with whom he occasionally practised, she blushed, and feared she had scarcely the time. But she came with Mrs. Markham, some consciousness, and a visible color!

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* Begun in No. 1568.—Copyright, 1886, by Bret Harte.

And then, almost without her knowing how or why, and entirely unexpected and unheralded, came a day so strangely and unconsciously happy, so innocently sweet and joyous, that it seemed as if all the other days of her exile had only gone before to create it, and as if it—and it alone—were a sufficient reason for her being there. A day full of gentle intimations, laughing suggestions, child-like surprises and awakenings; a day delicious for the very incompleteness of its vague happiness. And this remarkable day was simply marked in Mrs. Markham's diary as follows: "Went with E. to Indian village; met Padre and J. H. J. H. actually left shell and crawled on beach with E. E. chatty."

The day itself had been singularly quiet and gracious, even for that rare climate of balmy days and recuperating nights. At times the slight breath of the sea which usually stirred the morning air of Todos Santos was suspended, and a hush of expectation seemed to arrest land and water. When Miss Keene and Mrs. Markham left the Presidio, the tide was low, and their way lay along the beach past the Mission walls. A walk of two or three miles brought them to the Indian village—properly a suburban quarter of Todos Santos—a collection of adobe huts and rudely cultivated fields. Padre Esteban and Mr. Hurlstone were awaiting them in the palm-thatched veranda of a more pretentious cabin that served as a school-room.

"This is Don Diego's design," said the Padre, beaming with a certain paternal pride on Hurlstone, "built by himself and helped by the heathen; but look you, my gentleman is not satisfied with it, and wishes now to bring his flock to the Mission school, and have them mingle with the pure-blooded races on an equality. That is the revolutionary idea of this *sans-culottes* reformer," continued the good Father, shaking his yellow finger with gentle archness at the young man. "Ah, we shall yet have a revolution in Todos Santos, unless you ladies take him in hand. He has already brought the half-breeds over to his side, and those heathens follow him like dumb cattle anywhere. There, take him away and scold him, Doña Leonor, while I speak to the Señora Markham of the work that her good heart and skilful fingers may do for my poor muchachos."

Eleanor Keene lifted her beautiful eyes to Hurlstone with an artless tribute in their depths that brought the blood faintly into his cheek. She was not thinking of the priest's admonishing words; she was thinking of the quiet, unselfish work that this gloomy misanthrope had been doing while his companions had been engaged in lower aims and listless pleasures, and while she herself had been aimlessly fretting and diverting herself. What were her few hours of applauded instruction with the pretty Murillo-like children of the Fort compared to his silent and unrecognized labor? Yet even at this moment an uneasy doubt crossed her mind.

"I suppose Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb interest themselves greatly in your—in the Padre's charities?"

The first playful smile she had seen on Hurlstone's face lightened in his eyes and lips, and was becoming. "I am afraid my barbarians are too low and too near home for Mrs. Brimmer's missionary zeal. She and Miss Chubb patronize the Mexican school with cast-off dresses, old bonnets retrimmed, flannel petticoats, some old novels and books of poetry—of which the Padre makes an *auto-da-fé*—and their own patronizing presence on fête days. Providence has given them the vague impression that leprosy and contagious skin-disease are a peculiarity of the Southern aborigine, and they have left me severely alone."

"I wish you would prevail upon the Padre to let *me* help you," said Miss Keene, looking down.

"But you already have the Commander's chickens—which you are bringing up as swans, by-the-way," said Hurlstone, mischievously. "You wouldn't surely abandon the nest again?"

"You are laughing at me," said Miss Keene, putting on a slight pout to hide the vague pleasure that Hurlstone's gayer manner was giving her. "But, really, I've been thinking that the Presidio children are altogether too pretty and picturesque for me, and that I enjoy them too much to do them any good. It's like playing with them, you know."

Hurlstone laughed; but suddenly looking down upon her face, he was struck with its youthfulness. She had always impressed him before—through her reserve and independence—as older and more matured in character. He did not know how lately she was finding her lost youth as he asked her, quite abruptly, if she ever had any little brothers and sisters.

The answer to this question involved the simple story of Miss Keene's life, which she gave with naïve detail. She told him of her early childhood, and the brother who was only an indistinct memory, of her school-days, and her friendships up to the moment of her first step into the great world that was so strangely arrested at Todos Santos. He was touched with the almost pathetic blankness of this virgin page. Encouraged by his attention, and perhaps feeling a sympathy she had lately been longing for, she confessed to him the thousand little things which she had reserved from even Mrs. Markham during her first apathetic weeks at Todos Santos. "I'm sure I should have been much happier if I had had any one to talk to," she added, looking up into his face with a naïveté of faint reproach. "It's very different for men, you know. They can always distract themselves with something. Although," she continued, hesitatingly, "I've sometimes thought *you* would have been happier if you had had somebody to tell your troubles to; I don't mean the Padre—for, good as he is, he is a foreigner, you know, and wouldn't look upon things as *we* do—but some one in sympathy with you."

She stopped, alarmed at the change of expression in his face. A quick flush had crossed his cheek; for an instant he had looked suspiciously into her questioning eyes. But the next moment the idea of his quietly selecting this simple unsophisticated girl as the confidante of his miserable marriage, and the desperation that had brought him there, struck him as being irresistibly ludicrous, and he smiled. It was the first time that the habitual morbid intensity of his thoughts on that one subject had ever been disturbed by reaction; it was the first time that a clear ray of reason had pierced the gloom in which he had enwrapped it. Seeing him smile, the young girl smiled too. Then they smiled together vaguely and sympathetically, as over some unspoken confidence. But, unknown and unsuspected by himself, that smile had completed his emancipation and triumph. The next moment, when he sought with a conscientious sigh to re-enter his old mood, he was half shocked to find it gone. Whatever gradual influence—the outcome of these few months of rest and repose—may have already been at work to dissipate his clouded fancy, he was only vaguely conscious that the laughing breath of the young girl had blown it away forever.

The perilous point passed, unconsciously to both of them, they fell into freer conversation, tacitly avoiding the subject of Mr. Hurlstone's past reserve only as being less interesting. Hurlstone did not return Miss Keene's confidences—not because he wished to deceive her, but that he preferred to entertain her, while she did not care to know his secret, now that it no longer affected their sympathy in other things. It was a pleasant, innocent selfishness, that, however, led them along, step by step, to more uncertain and difficult ground.

In their idle happy walk they had strayed toward the beach, and had come upon a large stone cross with its base half hidden in sand, and covered with small, tenacious, sweet-scented creepers, bearing a pale lilac blossom, that exhaled a mingled odor of sea and shore. Hurlstone pointed out the cross as one of the earliest outposts of the Church on the edge of the unclaimed heathen wilderness. It was hung with strings of gaudy shells and feathers, which Hurlstone explained were votive offerings, in which their pagan superstitions still mingled with their new faith. "I don't like to worry that good old Padre," he continued, with a slight smile, "but I'm afraid that they prefer this cross to the chapel, for certain heathenish reasons of their own. I am quite sure that they still hold some obscure rites here under the good Father's very nose, and that, in the guise of this emblem of our universal faith, they worship some deity we have no knowledge of."

"It's a shame," said Miss Keene, quickly. To her surprise, Hurlstone did not appear so shocked as she, in her belief of his religious sympathy with the Padre, had imagined.

"They're a harmless race," he said, carelessly. "The place is much frequented by the children—especially the young girls; a good many of these offerings came from them."

The better to examine these quaint tributes, Miss Keene had thrown herself, with an impulsive, girlish abandonment, on the mound by the cross, and Hurlstone sat down beside her. Their eyes met in an innocent pleasure of each other's company. She thought him very handsome in the dark, half-official Mexican dress, that necessity alone had obliged him to assume, and much more distinguished-looking than his companions in their extravagant foppery; he thought her beauty more youthful and artless than he had imagined it to be, and with his older and graver experiences felt a certain protecting superiority that was pleasant and reassuring.

Nevertheless, seated so near each other, they were very quiet. Hurlstone could not tell whether it was the sea or the flowers, but the dress of the young girl seemed to exhale some subtle perfume of her own freshness that half took away his breath. She had scraped up a handful of sand, and was allowing it to escape through her slim fingers in a slender rain on the ground. He was watching the operation with what he began to fear was fatuous imbecility.

"Miss Keene?—I beg your pardon—"

"Mr. Hurlstone?—Excuse me, you were saying—"

They had both spoken at the same moment, and smiled forgivingly at each other. Hurlstone gallantly insisted upon the precedence of her thought. The scamp had doubted the coherency of his own.

"I used to think," she began—"you won't be angry, will you?"

"Decidedly not."

"I used to think you had an idea of becoming a priest."

"Why?"

"Because—you are sure you won't be angry?—because I thought you hated women!"

"Father Esteban is a priest," said Hurlstone, with a faint smile; "and you know he thinks kindly of your sex."

"Yes, but perhaps *his* life was never spoiled by some wicked woman, like—like yours."

For an instant he gazed intently into her eyes. "Who told you that?"

"No one."

She was evidently speaking the absolute truth. There was no deceit or suppression in her clear gaze; if anything, only the faintest look of wonder at his astonishment. And he—this jealously guarded secret, the curse of his whole wretched life, had been guessed by this simple girl, without comment, without reserve, without horror! And there had been no scene, no convulsion of nature, no tragedy; he had not thrown himself into yonder sea; she had not fled from him shrinking, but was sitting there opposite to him in gentle smiling expectation, the golden light of Todos Santos around them, a bit of bright ribbon shining in her dark hair, and he, miserable outcast and recluse, had not even changed his position, but was looking up without tremulousness or excitement, and smiling too.

He raised himself suddenly on his knee. "And what if it were all true?" he demanded.

"I should be very sorry for you, and glad it was all over now," she said, softly. A faint pink flush covered her cheek the next moment, as if she had suddenly become aware of another meaning in her speech, and she turned her head hastily toward the village. To her relief she discerned that a number of Indian children had approached them from behind, and had halted a few paces from the cross. Their hands were full of flowers and shells as they stood hesitatingly watching the couple.

"They are some of the school-children," said Hurlstone, in answer to her inquiring look; "but I can't understand why they come here so openly."

"Oh, don't scold them!" said Eleanor, forgetting her previous orthodox protest; "let us go away and pretend we don't notice them." But as she was about to rise to her feet the hesitation of the little creatures ended in a sudden advance of the whole body, and before she comprehended what they were doing they had pressed the whole of their floral tributes in her lap. The color rose again quickly to her laughing face as she looked at Hurlstone.

"Do you usually get up this pretty surprise for visitors?" she said, hesitatingly.

"I assure you I have had nothing to do with it," he answered, with frank amazement; "it's quite spontaneous. And look—they are even decorating *me!*"

It was true; they had thrown a half-dozen strings of shells on Hurlstone's unresisting shoulders, and, unheeding the few words he laughingly addressed them in their own dialect, they ran off a few paces and remained standing, as if gravely contemplating their work. Suddenly, with a little outcry of terror, they turned, fled wildly past them, and disappeared in the bushes.

Miss Keene and Hurlstone rose at the same moment, but the young girl, taking a step forward, suddenly staggered, and was obliged to clasp one of the arms of the cross to keep herself from falling. Hurlstone sprang to her side.

"Are you ill?" he asked, hurriedly. "You are quite white. What is the matter?"

A smile crossed her colorless face. "I am certainly very giddy; everything seems to tremble."

"Perhaps it is the flowers," he said, anxiously. "Their heavy perfume in this close air affects you. Throw them away, for Heaven's sake!"

But she clutched them tighter to her heart as she leaned for a moment, pale yet smiling, against the cross. "No, no!" she said, earnestly; "it was not that. But the children were frightened, and their alarm terrified me. There, it is over now."

She let him help her to her seat again as he glanced hurriedly around him. It must have been sympathy with her, for he was conscious of a slight vertigo himself. The air was very close and still. Even the pleasant murmur of the waves had ceased.

"How very low the tide is!" said Eleanor Keene, resting her elbow on her knees and her round chin upon her hand. "I wonder if that could have frightened these dear little midgets?" The tide, in fact, had left the shore quite bare and muddy for nearly a quarter of a mile to seaward. Hurlstone arose, with grave eyes but a voice that was unchanged.

"Suppose we inquire? Lean on my arm, and we'll go up the hill toward the Mission garden. Bring your flowers with you."

The color had quite returned to her cheek as she leant on his proffered arm. Yet perhaps she was really weaker than she knew, for he felt the soft pressure of her hand and the gentle abandonment of her figure against his own as they moved on. But for some preoccupying thought he might have yielded more completely to the pleasure of that innocent contact, and have drawn her closer toward him; yet they moved steadily on, he contenting himself from time to time with a hurried glance at the downcast fringes of the eyes beside him. Presently he stopped, his attention disturbed by what appeared to be the fluttering of a black-winged, red-crested bird in the bushes before him. The next moment he discovered it to be the little rose-covered head of Doña Isabel, who was running toward them. Eleanor withdrew her arm from Hurlstone's.

"Ah, imbecile!" said Doña Isabel, pouncing upon Eleanor Keene like an affectionate panther. "They have said you were on the sea-shore, and I fly for you as a bird. Tell to me quick," she whispered, hastily putting her own little brown ear against Miss Keene's mouth, "*inmediatamente*, are you much happy?"

"Where is Mr. Brace?" said Miss Keene, trying to effect a diversion, as she laughed and struggled to get free from her tormentor.

"He, the idiot boy! Naturally, when he is for use, he comes not. But as a maniac—ever! I would that I have him not more. You will to me presently give your—brother! I have since today a *presentimiento* that him I shall love! Ah!" She pressed her little brown fist, still tightly clutching her fan, against her low bodice, as if already transfixed with a secret and absorbing passion.

"Well, you shall have Dick, then," said Miss Keene, laughing; "but was it for *that* you were seeking me?"

"Mother of God! you know not then what has happened? You are a blind—a deaf—to but one thing all the time? Ah!" she said, quickly, unfolding her fan and modestly diving her little head behind it, "I have ashamed for you, Miss Keene."

"But *what* has happened?" said Hurlstone, interposing to relieve his companion. "We fancied something—"

"Something! he says something!—ah! that something was a *temblor!* An earthquake! The earth has shaken himself! Look!"

She pointed with her fan to the shore, where the sea had suddenly returned in a turbulence of foam and billows that was breaking over the base of the cross they had just quitted.

Miss Keene drew a quick sigh. Doña Isabel had ducked again modestly behind her fan, but this time dragging with her other arm Miss Keene's head down to share its discreet shadow as she whispered, "And—infatuated one!—you two never noticed it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADMIRAL PORTER.

THERE is in Washington, of the small remaining band of men who were prominent in the most active scenes of the war of the rebellion, no more interesting figure than that of Admiral DAVID D. PORTER. The faithful portrait of him which accompanies this sketch does not exaggerate his remarkable uprightness of figure, his clearness of eye, and his entire ability, notwithstanding his nearly fourscore years, to occupy the office of chief executive of the navy. To a stranger who meets Admiral PORTER for the first time it seems almost incredible that the little man, whose beard is only streaked with gray, and on whose head the abundant black hair shows only a few lines of silver, was a boy before the war of 1812 was over, that he was a midshipman in the navy in 1829, and that he has seen nearly sixty years of service. Having sailed in many cruises, under many commanders, to every part of the globe, he had risen in 1861 to be a Commander, and his pennant flew from the *Powhatan*. Every reader of war history is familiar with his services in the capture of New Orleans, in co-operation with Admiral FARRAGUT, and he has in his own book on the subject vividly described the exploits of the naval branch of our arms in this and other notable enterprises. After the war he was for a time the head of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He became Vice-Admiral in 1866, and was promoted to the highest office in the naval service in 1870. Since 1869 he has owned the large and comfortable house in which he now lives. It is not only his residence, but his office and workshop as well. On H Street, just west of Seventeenth, a few doors beyond the Metropolitan Club, it is in the fashionable northwest section, and in a neighborhood populous with persons prominent in official and social circles. In the spring and early summer the street, bowered by flourishing shade trees, is a delightfully quiet and attractive one, and no residence upon it is more inviting in its air of elegant comfort than that of the Admiral, with its pleasant outlying garden. The house has an interesting history, although its life is not so long as that of its occupant and owner. It was built in 1829 by Mr. RUSH, who represented the United States at the court of Great Britain, and was afterward Secretary of the Treasury. Senator PRESTON, of South Carolina, was its next occupant. A rare host was the Hon. JOEL R. POINSETT, who was its tenant during his term as Secretary of War. No one in the capital entertained more frequently and generously than he, and none could count more honorable guests. WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, RIVES, and all the bright men of the period sat at his board. Commodore SHUBRICK, afterward Rear-Admiral, lived in the house at one time, and later on it was purchased by Lieutenant T. J. PAGE, of the navy. PAGE followed the fortunes of the South in the rebellion, and became the commander of the ram *Stonewall*. From him it was purchased by Senator HAMILTON FISH, who rented it on two occasions to British ministers, first to Sir HENRY BULWER and afterward to Lord LYONS. The mansion was frequently open, during the time it was held by these two occupants, for the reception of the diplomates and leading people in society. While Lord LYONS occupied it it was enlarged by the addition of a large music-room on the west side, and by carrying the entire building up one story, in order to provide accommodations for the members of the legation. Mr. FISH sold the house to Mr. JOHN L. HODGE, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and at his death it became the property of his son. While it was owned by the HODGES it was rented by General PHILIP KEARNY, who occupied it after his marriage with the beautiful Miss Bullitt. In 1869 it was purchased by Admiral Porter. During the war of the rebellion, when the government made use of many private houses for official purposes, it was rented and turned into offices, and when surrendered to its owners was greatly injured. By an expenditure of $20,000 Admiral Porter restored it, and alteration and repair left it one of the finest houses in this city of fine houses. Standing upon a lot of half an acre of ground, with a frontage of one hundred feet on H Street, it has a handsome garden and ample stables.

There are thirty rooms in the house, and it has accommodated comfortably at one time the families of the Admiral's four married children, including his ten grandchildren. The parlors and sitting-rooms, and his office as well, are full of trophies of the Admiral's career as an officer and a soldier, gathered from all quarters of the globe. His "workshop" a comfortable office on the second floor, is adorned with models, charts, arms, pictures, and other objects that denote the character of the owner's occupation. Here at a little desk he has worked upon his official papers, his novel, and his history of the navy. Age has scarcely withered him. He meets a morning caller with the quick step of a youth, and delights him with the ready flow of reminiscence and anecdote that comes crisply from his tongue. He was until recently a great smoker, but in other respects has been an abstemious liver. Easily approached by the lowliest sailor who chooses to call upon him, and with an ear always attentive to "Jack's" complaints and desires, and with a genial social side for his friends, he is punctilious and formal with assuming inexperience, and impatient with pretentious "youngsters" who have not smelled powder burned in action. He hopes to live long enough to see our decaying navy rebuilt, and has given to Congress, in a vigorous letter, his views on that subject.

MONTEREY.

The old Spanish town of Monterey, on the California sea-coast, about a hundred miles south of San Francisco, has enjoyed a checkered history. It was settled originally by the Spanish missionaries, who carried the standard of the cross into the unknown wilds to the north of Mexico. They builded churches, many of which remain, laid out plantations, and taught the native Indians the art of agriculture, and under their peaceful dominion the little city by the sea slumbered peacefully for nearly a century.

When gold was discovered, and the rush of adventurers to California began, Monterey suddenly rose to a position of national importance. Its bay was filled with United States ships of war; from its custom-house the American flag first floated to indicate the conquest of California, and of the new State it was made the capital. Its streets were filled with foreigners from the Eastern States; in its adobe buildings the officers of the new State administration made themselves at home; and two widely different eras of civilization elbowed each other with some little acrimony for a time, the older and weaker going steadily to the wall. The Constitutional Convention which set forth the fundamental law of the State met there, and in numberless ways Monterey identified itself prominently and permanently with the history of California. Then a change came. The capital was removed to Sacramento, the strangers disappeared, and Monterey, after its brief awakening, went again to sleep.

For twenty-five years—from 1852 to 1877—it remained as it had been, a lazy, dreamy Spanish city. Only the music of the sea and the silvery bells of the Church of San Carlos broke the stillness of the long sunny days. A few fishermen sailed in from time to time and pitched their tents to stay, the ubiquitous Chinaman found the fishing grounds good, and the Spanish store-keepers bought a few more groceries to feed the additional mouths. The march of progress in California was in other directions, and Monterey was changed scarcely at all from its primitive quiet. The birds nested in the parapets of Fremont's fort, and the plaster fell piece by piece from the walls of the custom-house. Only the artists from San Francisco visited the town. They sketched in its nooks, swam in its surf, and dreamed under its magnificent oaks, delighted to find a harmony, an antiquity, and a peace incredible, entirely undisturbed by the whir of commerce or the hum of manufactures. But one day a locomotive gleamed, hissing and steaming, through the stillness of the moss-grown oaks, and the quiet of Monterey was gone forever.

California has no watering-place of any note, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company saw an opportunity. The natural advantages of climate, oak and pine growth, and sea and mountain scenery, made Monterey the location *par excellence*. Accordingly they took a million dollars from their coffers, waved a magic wand, and in a year (1879–80) Del Monte was a famous fact. Selecting a site about a mile to the northward of the old town, they built a hotel, a system of water-works, bath-houses, and endless gardens, until the "Queen of American Watering-places" became, not a phrase of advertising hyperbole, but a voluntary tribute from guests from all the world.

The hotel, which was beautifully embowered in oaks, was three hundred and eighty feet long and a hundred and fifteen feet wide, and consisted of two stories and an attic roof, accommodating in all about five hundred guests. It was magnificently furnished, and had every appliance for the comfort and convenience of its guests that any hotel could offer. It stood in the centre of a natural park of one hundred and twenty acres along the sea-shore, sixty acres of which were laid out and adorned with every beautifying device that the most tasteful landscape gardeners with unlimited funds to expend could suggest. Arizona and Mexico were drawn upon for every picturesque shrub or blossom they contained, and the cactus, the orange, and the verdure of the temperate zone grew side by side—a botanical happy family that was a curiosity in itself. For those who found the surf too cold a bath, large covered tanks were constructed, with graded temperatures for salt-water bathing. Every additional outlay that would attract the public was freely made, and the continuous throng of guests which, from the opening of the hotel to its destruction last Saturday night filled the resort, produced a rapid and remunerative return for the investors.

The charm of Monterey has been the beauty and diversity of its environment. The mountains lie behind it and the sea in front. Miles and miles of drives have been constructed, displaying every point of interest at its best; and the visitors desiring an *al fresco* luncheon have had a multitude of nooks to choose from, with the mountain solitudes of the pines, the old Spanish churches and *rancherias*, and the rocky bluffs and white stretches of sand where the breakers fall, each offering temptations nowhere else combined.

During the summers since 1880, when the hotel was opened, the fashionable circles of San Francisco have made Monterey their head-quarters. On holidays and Sundays through the warm season the hotel has been so crowded that accommodations of any kind were difficult to obtain. During the winters the tourist travel from the East has kept the hotel full, and many have averred that between the wonders of Yosemite and the beauties and comforts of Monterey it was difficult to choose.

A wide-spread regret was consequently experienced when the news came last week that on the night of April 2 the hotel was destroyed by fire. The flames broke out shortly before midnight, and the wooden structure burned so rapidly that three hundred guests had barely time to escape. They lost their baggage and valuables, and arrived at San Francisco next morning by special train in a pitiable state of temporary poverty. It is announced by the railroad company, however, that the hotel will immediately be rebuilt on the same plans as before; and as the grounds have suffered little, Del Monte will soon regain its former ascendency.

DISAPPOINTING TELESCOPES.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

It cannot be denied that the great telescopes which have been constructed during the last quarter of a century have disappointed the expectations of those lovers of astronomy who have hoped to see great discoveries made by their means. If this could be explained by inferior quality in the telescopes themselves, if it could be supposed that Mr. Alvan Clarke and his skilful sons in this country, and those who in Europe have shared the work of constructing very large telescopes, had been foiled in their attempts to combine perfection of work with largeness of scale, we might understand why these immense telescopes had disappointed expectations. But this has not been the case. The work of the Clarkes, for example, has been as remarkable for excellence of quality as for daring in regard to size. Probably not one of the large refractors made before the year 1840, even the masterpieces of Merz and Mahler, would have stood, when at its best, the tests which the much larger refractors recently constructed by the Clarkes have successfully borne. It has not been through any inferiority of construction that the great telescopes have failed.

But we are equally debarred from supposing that the great telescopes have proved disappointing because the observers to whom they have been intrusted have been wanting in skill. It is true that some among these telescopes have been placed in the hands of observers who have shown very little insight into the real requirements of astronomy. There are some workers in astronomy—some even whose work is of considerable value—who nevertheless have no idea of proportion in astronomical research. They would be as well content to devote many hours of patient labor to correct by the hundredth of a second the motion of a planet or comet as they would be to enter on researches such as have resulted in era-making discoveries. But some of the great telescopes which have proved the greatest disappointments in recent times have been in the hands of men who had already become famous not only for their skill as observers, but for their aptitude in selecting such researches as would most effectively advance astronomical knowledge. I will not mention names, because I have found, to my sorrow, that to touch on former successes now causes pain to those whose recent work with larger telescopes has proved disappointing. But every one who has followed the progress of astronomy during the last twenty years knows what noble successes had been achieved by certain observers during the first half of the time, what high expectations had been justly formed of their work with larger telescopes, and how completely these expectations have been disappointed.

Are we then to suppose that smaller telescopes are better fitted than large ones for astronomical research? Though the conclusion seems natural, it would be altogether erroneous. Under nearly all conditions a good large telescope is better than a good small one. Even when the air is disturbed, and the full aperture cannot be used, a two-feet telescope reduced to one foot of aperture will give better results than a one-foot telescope, because its focal length being greater the defect called spherical aberration (which affects all telescopes) is proportionately reduced; this more than compensates a slight loss of light on account of the greater thickness which must be given to large object glasses, and the somewhat less wieldy character of the longer and larger telescope. It is when the full aperture, however, can be employed that the superiority of a large telescope comes fully into play. The definition is better with a large than with a small telescope for reasons which could not well be explained in these columns, because they depend on the mathematical investigation of the wave motion of light; but the fact can be accepted as absolutely demonstrated. A large telescope will separate closer double-stars than a smaller one of the same or even of a somewhat superior quality; and though this is not of itself any very great advantage (for we know nearly all we care to know about double-stars, and dividing very close pairs is no longer an achievement of the least real interest or value), yet the superiority of a large telescope in such work attests its superiority in all telescopic work depending on clearness of definition. The advantages of a large telescope are summed up thus: It defines better than a small one, gives more light, and therefore (for both reasons) will bear higher magnifying powers.

Whence, then, the multiplied disappointments which large telescopes have recently brought?

It seems to me that the answer is not far to seek. Whether the more intelligent and zealous of those who have been placed in charge of large telescopes have not had *carte blanche* allowed them as to the work they should do with them, or whether their appreciation of the special qualities of large telescopes has misled them, I do not know; but it is certain that the managers of large telescopes have paid much more attention to the researches which only large telescopes can deal with than to those in which alone astronomers can take any profound interest. There are probably a hundred thousand double-stars which a telescope with a three-feet object-glass can separate, while no telescope less than two feet in aperture can touch them. To measure those thousands of double stars would be to accomplish work which the employers of small telescopes could not even attempt.

What the scientific world expects from those who have had large telescopes placed in their hands is that they should employ the powers of those noble instruments in researches of real interest. It may be very impressive to do with an instrument of great power what no other instrument can even begin; but the value of the performance cannot be measured by this impressive uniqueness. On the other, hand it may seem much less striking to see somewhat more of detail in sun and moon and planets with a large telescope than had been already revealed by a smaller one; but it is for just this sort of addition to our knowledge that the large telescopes are really valuable. One of the most deservedly distinguished of the observers whose recent failure with large telescopes science deplores wrote to me but a few weeks back that he did not care to repeat with the large telescope the observations of solar disturbances or the analysis of solar structure which he had already effected with a less powerful instrument; he thinks it better to employ the large telescope now placed under his charge in observing minute satellites and delicate double-stars which the smaller one would not even show. But the improved observations of solar phenomena would have been of immense interest and value (as *he* would have made them), whereas the observations he is laboriously making are of very slight scientific value, and of no real interest whatsoever.

Until the observers—who are to the students of science what the collectors of raw material are to manufacturers, or what masons are to architects—determine to use large telescopes in really important and interesting work, their skill in observation and the powers of their splendid instruments will continue to be almost wholly wasted.

STRAY MUSICAL NOTES.

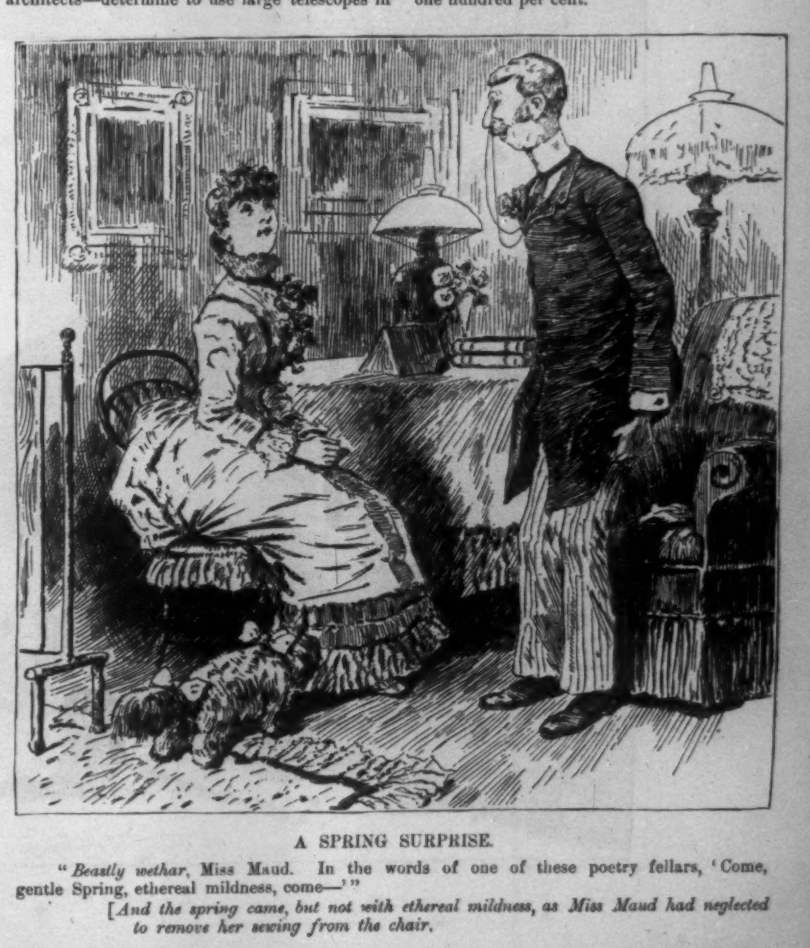
A young lady told me once of attending a little Catholic church in the country near where she was passing the summer Being a regular attendant at a large city church of that faith, she was painfully conscious of the florid and pretentious character of the music attempted by the ambitious little choir, and of their absolute hopeless inability to perform it. The relation between the pastor and the congregation was evidently of the simplest and most unaffected nature. In the "Gloria" there occurred a long and showy soprano solo, in cheap imitation of the cheap Italian style. The young woman who attempted it sang gayly on till the clergyman evidently thought that she had enjoyed her fair share of attention and glory. Accordingly he raised his hand as a signal to the organist, and the music ceased.

"Let that young girl with the red feather have done singin', and let Mary Ann Quilty sing the rest." There was a little hesitation in the choir, and he resumed, "The service will not go on till Mary Ann has a show."

Accordingly Mary Ann took her innings, and, according to my informant, "the young girl with the red feather" was left "nowhere."

One of our leading organists not long ago received a new piano pupil—a young lady—who, in order to show her stage of acquirement, played a piece which she had brought with her. It happened that the piece ended with the same chord several times repeated; but when she reached the closing passage she struck the chord once and then stopped, letting her hands fall into her lap. "Well," said the teacher, "why don't you play the rest?" "Oh," replied the young musician, with a shrug, "what's the use? The rest of the chords are all like that one."

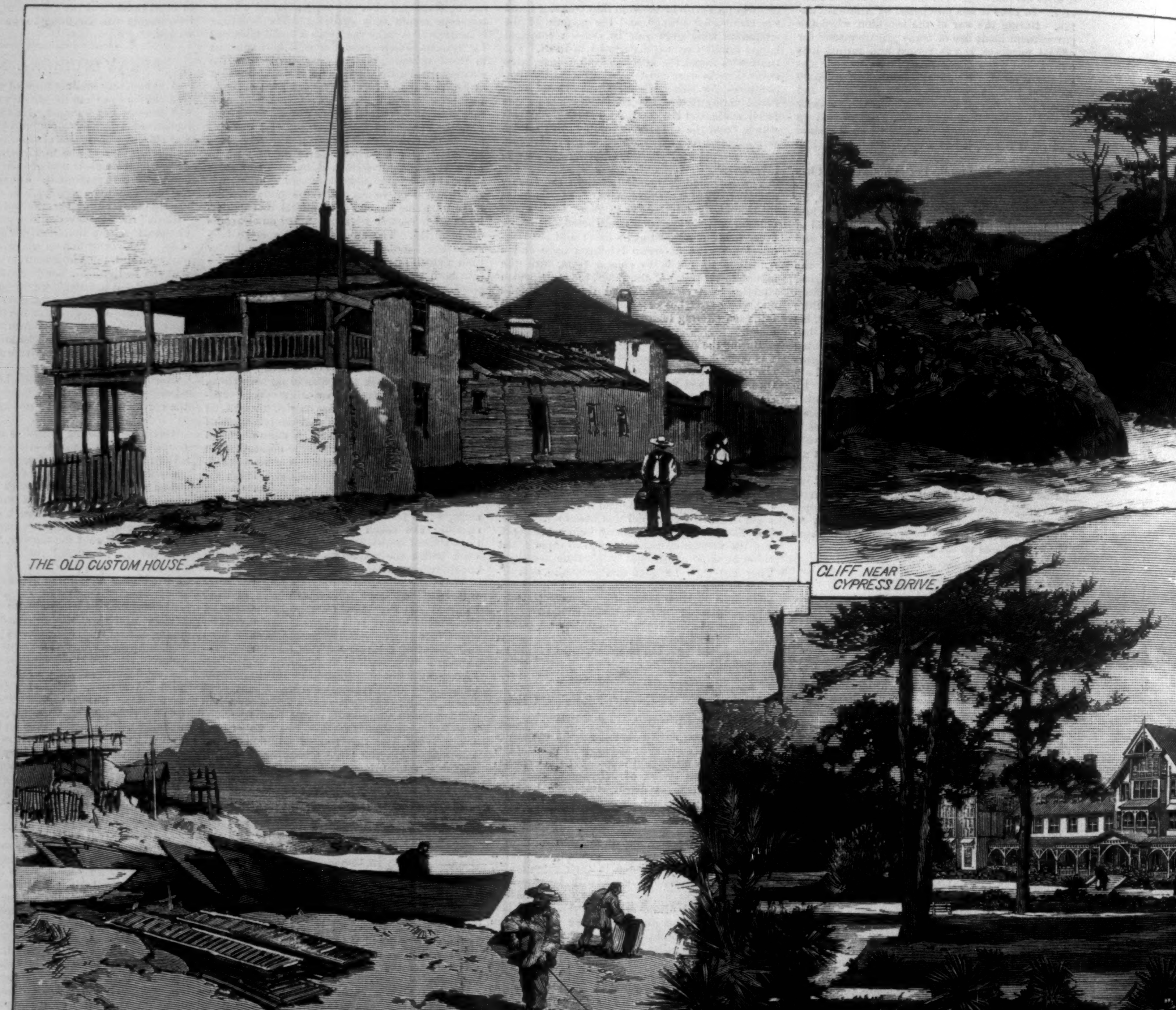
A professor in a certain music college once told me of a pupil who attended his lectures—a young woman from some remote place like Seattle or Los Angeles, who attracted his attention by her extreme devotion to her work, her regularity—in fact, by all that goes to make a pupil "solid" with the faculty. Moreover, she was beautiful as the day, with a large and statuesque beauty, as of a strong, full nature, serene, calm, and undisturbed. But, alas! when examinations came and papers were handed in, hers was found to be simply impossible. It was evident that behind that Juno-like brow there were no brains. In fact, such a paper never was seen before; even the spelling was ludicrous, while grammar and music were equally injured and outraged in every line. Tears could not move my stern friend, and his report was "Not passed." But it was intimated to him that there were reasons why it was absolutely essential that the pupil should graduate, while her knowledge might be acquired afterward. Accordingly, she applied for a re-examination, and the questions were then something like this: 1. Is not the symphony the highest form of purely musical expression? 2. Was not Berlioz remarkable for his mastery of ingenious orchestral effects? 3. Is not Bach called the father of modern music? "And to my astonishment and gratification," said the professor, gravely, "to every one of these puzzling questions she answered, with great perspicacity, 'Yes,' and passed triumphantly—average mark in my class, one hundred per cent."



A SPRING SURPRISE.

"*Beastly wethar*, Miss Maud. In the words of one of these poetry fellars, 'Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come—'"

[*And the spring came, but not with ethereal mildness, as Miss Maud had neglected to remove her sewing from the chair.*



THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.

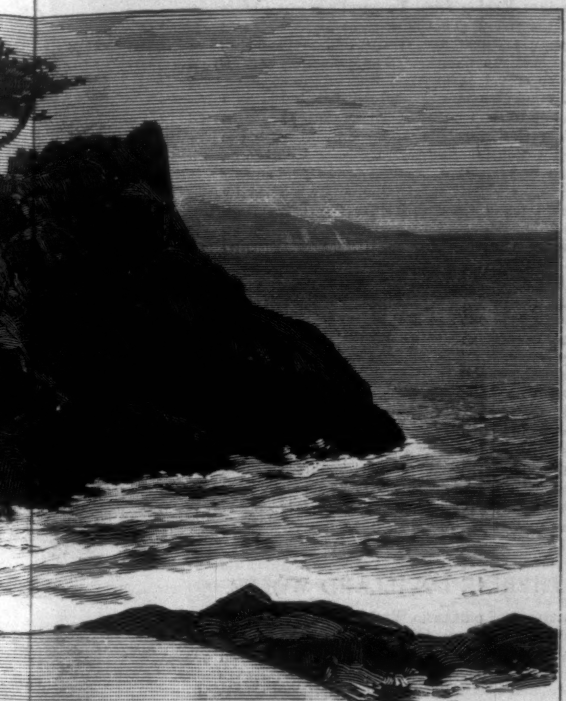
CLIFF NEAR CYPRESS DRIVE.

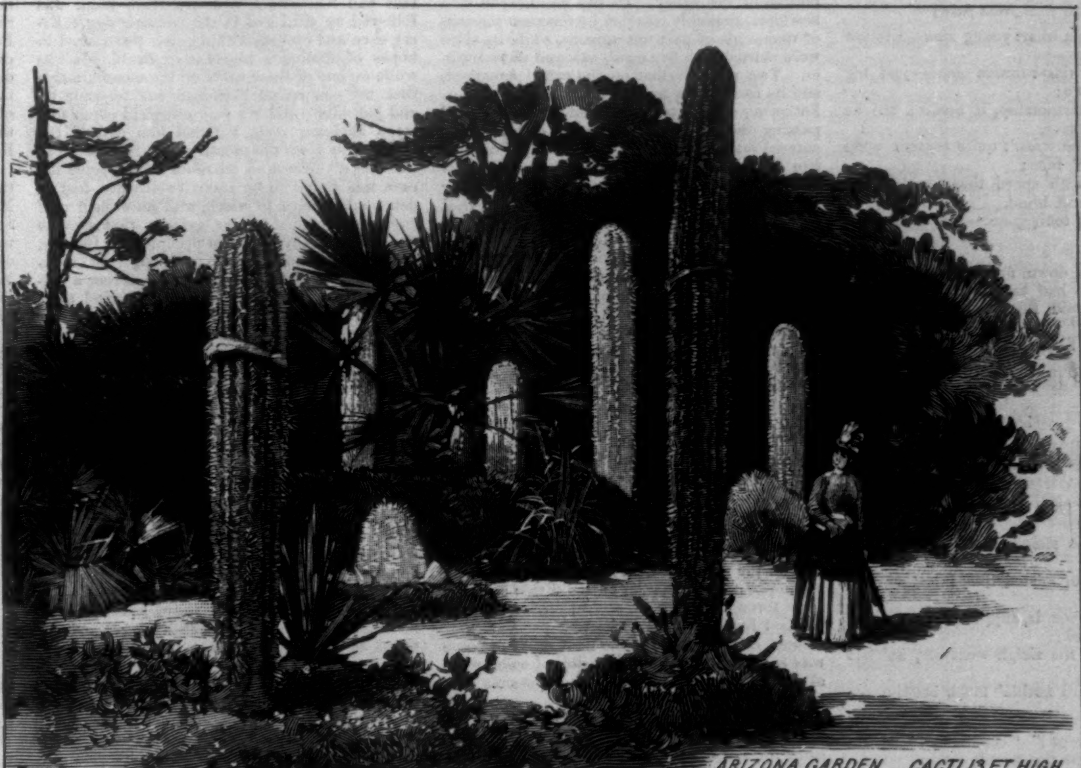
CHINESE FISHING BOAT.

THE "ARGUS" OFFICE.

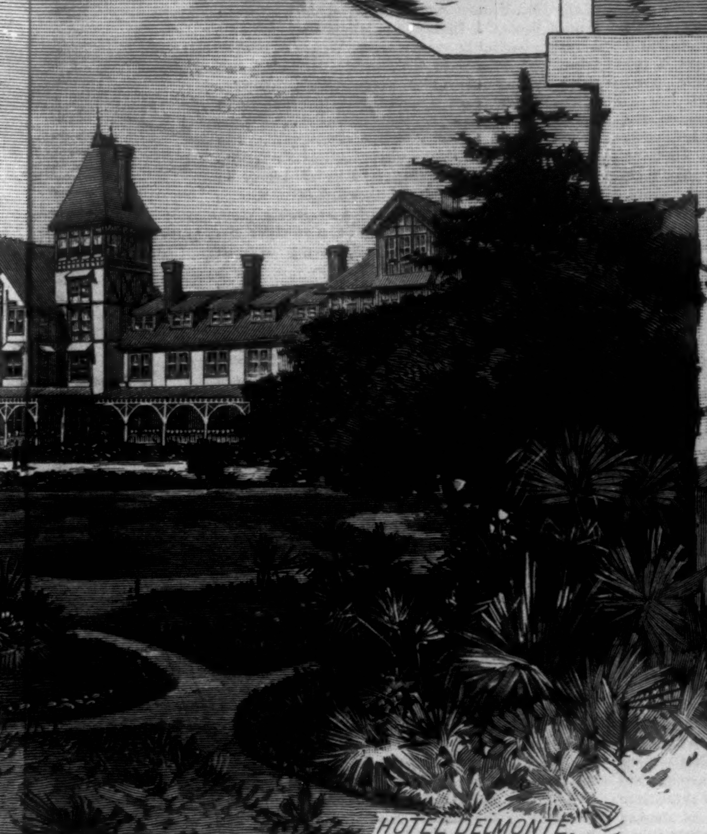
A LIV

MONTEREY AND THE HOTEL DEL MON

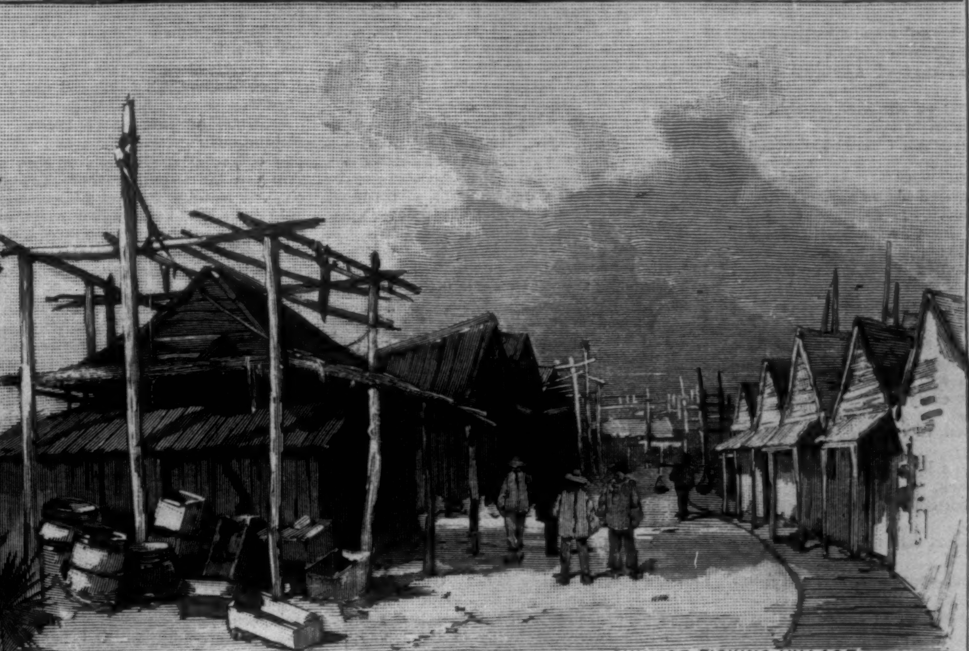




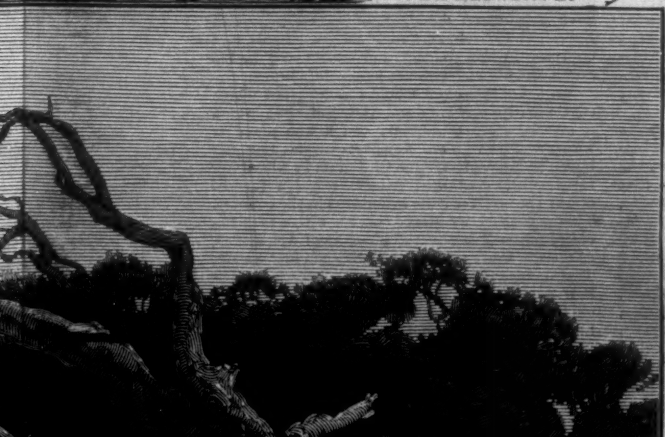
ARIZONA GARDEN — CACTI 13 FT HIGH.



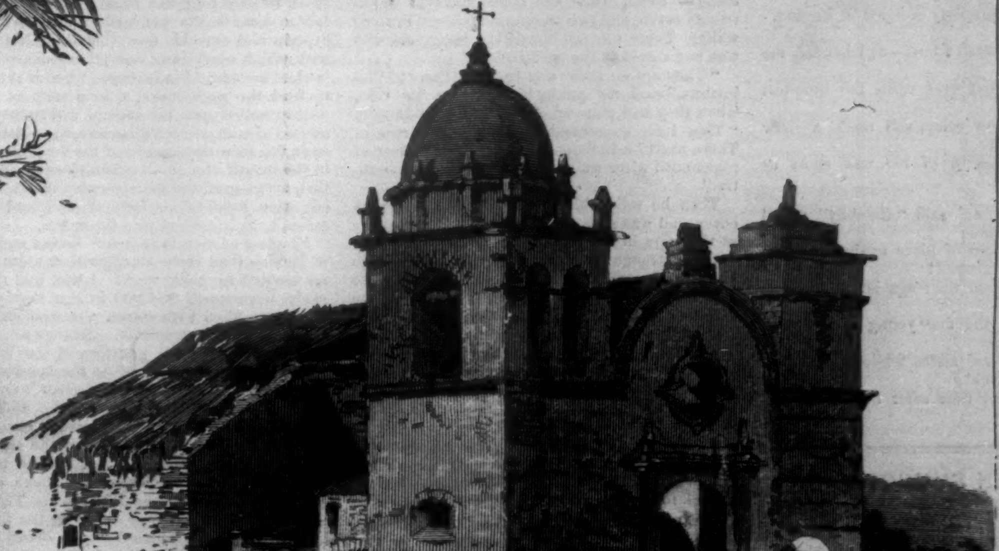
HOTEL DELMONTE.



CHINESE FISHING VILLAGE.



IVE OAK.



CARMEL MISSION—EST. 1770.

NTE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 275.]

FARMER STEBBINS TOBOGGANS.

[*Continued from front page.*]

She borrowed from a smart young man—a fellow that she knew—
A han'-sled with the runners gone—just big enough for two;
They'd rode in partnership, it seems; an' he gave up his place,
With something that wasn't quite content upon his lengthenin' face;
An' off we flew, with speed that shocked an' made me almost blind,
Fast as that first tobogganer—the foeman of mankind.

We went straight down, an' clim back safe; an' no mishap had known,
If I had heard cold Reason say, "Let well enough alone."
But Isabel's young fellow looked as sour as sour could be,
An' just as if he'd like to make a mince-pie out of me;
An' so I says, "I'll lengthen still this young man's underlip,"
And turned to Isabel an' said, "Let's take another trip."

The second ride I gave a glance at two small boards that lay
On edge, to keep us sliders in the straight an' narrow way;
My eyes was sort of misted like, I lost or lent my head,
An' grabbed these boards, supposin' them a portion of the sled;
I stopped off; an' the sleigh went on; an' left me, in a trice,
A-hangin' there with nothin' much betwixt me an' the ice.

"Hold on!" "Let go!" "Climb up!" "Slide down!" I heard the people roar;
I didn't know which one not to do, an' so I tried all four.
I kicked an' grabbed an' clim an' clawed, an' felt from foot to scalp
As if I was in Switzerland a-hangin' to an Alp;
My skates hopped out an' skittered off like boys let clear of school
(First time they'd ever run without an old bald-headed fool)!

My hat an' specs skipped clean away, as if they'd caught the craze,
An' been a-longin' for this chance for several nights and days;
Three apples an' five doughnuts, an' a purchased bakery bun,
All tried the new toboggan slide, an' went down one by one;
An' as for me—as some girls say, in that "brook" song they sing,
I "slipped an' slid an' gloomed an' glanced," an' grabbed at everything.

An' finally I twisted round, head-foremost, on my back,
An' went down like a lightnin' train that's just run off the track,
An' reached the bottom of the hill within a little while,
Then rolled an' scooted somethin' like a quarter of a mile;
An' when I gathered up, unhurt, but awful unattired,
I felt some like the waddin' of a shot-gun lately fired.

Then Isabel came softly up, with Pity's soothin' charms,
An' all of my lost property scooped in her han'some arms,
An' re'lly hoped I wasn't hurt—and handed me a pin—
With sober face, but eyes upon the broadest kind of grin;
And then her fellow came, and made a show of helpin' me;
But that 'ere underlip of his was short as short could be.

An' then I turned, an' said "Good-by" to all the people round;
"My Friends, I'm out of place again; on more than slippery ground!
This goin' back upon their age is what no one should do;
It's hard to play the fine young man an' be an old one too.
Farewell to rinks an' slides while days aroun' me slip an' roll!
I'll spend the spare time after this on my immortal soul."

MEXICAN SMUGGLERS.

It was but a few weeks ago, when hunting in one of the beautiful cañons of the Sierra Terra Nate, in the state of Chihuahua, that I had an opportunity of coming across the most formidable band of contrabandists now in existence on the American continent, and observing their mode of life while pursuing their dangerous vocation.

After five days of weary journeying across the parched and dusty plains, covered only with patches of mesquite brush and the ever-present cactus, finding only at long distances enough water to refresh our choking stock, we reached the foot-hills at the mouth of the great cañon late in the afternoon. There we found water, but although there were only two of us, with three bronchos and two pack-mules, it was not sufficient to warrant making a camp, so we had again to resume our anxious search for water further up the cañon to the north. A broad and almost impassable *arroyo* traversed in erratic turns the bottom of the valley. Its bed was heaped with bowlders, smoothly rounded by the great torrents of thousands of past wet seasons, while its sides were skirted with live scrub oak and thorn bushes. Two miles further on the cañon narrowed, and its rocky sides became abrupt and irregular. Following a game trail for about three miles, and passing the mouths of four other cañons which entered into ours from the westward, we came to two small pools of pure water in the stony bed of the dried-up stream. Here we picketed our stock in the brush and made our camp. That deer were abundant there was every indication from the number of trails that led from all sides to the water, besides there were many signs of bears, mountain lions, and smaller game.

The view from our camping place was strangely beautiful. There was a wide break in the volcanic wall of rocks to the west, occasioned perhaps years ago by a landslide, whose sloping sides were now covered with pines and live-oaks. Through this wide fissure the declining sun shot its rays upon the moss-covered pinnacles which topped the wall of the opposite side of the cañon, making them shine like emeralds in a giant crown. Below huge bowlders hung, as if upon a thread, over the valley, surrounded with groups of fantastically shaped columns, peaks, and capped turrets, also garnished with mosses of every shade of green, outrivalling in color the great cacti and century-plants that studded the base of the mountains. Five miles up the cañon a glimpse of a great *mesa* on the divide could be seen through a narrow archway of rock that reached from the cañon side to a perpendicular column in the centre of the *arroyo*. The scene was so rugged and broken, so full of color, withal so wild, that once seen it was impossible ever to forget its weird magnificence.

As usual in all narrow valley districts, the night shut in suddenly, but the full-moon soon came up, and did much to relieve our loneliness. Still, the silence was oppressive, and glad I was when I felt drowsy enough to crawl under the blankets for the night. I had, perhaps, slept about three hours, when the noise of a horse walking past aroused me. At first I thought one of our bronchos had become untethered, and was rambling up the cañon; then I saw it was a Mexican horseman, from his felt sombrero and brilliantly colored serape. He was mounted on a handsome horse, and carried his Winchester rifle ready for use across his saddle. He looked to the right and left with a quick motion of his head, and then down upon the trail; but he never knew that two men within twenty-five yards of him had him covered with their rifles. When he came to the stream he turned abruptly to the left, and began ascending the western side of the cañon, in a very precipitous place, and was soon hidden by the brush and crags.

When he was gone I turned and asked my guide what manner of man he was to ride alone and at night over mountains so dangerously impassable as those above us.

"He is not alone; he is the outrider of a large smuggling outfit which will be along directly," was the answer.

Then we put our ears to the ground, and far down the cañon we could hear the tramping of many horses' feet and the occasional rolling of a stone down into the *arroyo*. Presently, winding through the bush, came a long string of horsemen in single file, followed by a train of pack-mules, all very heavily laden. On they came, noiselessly and steadily, a handsome, manly-looking lot of men, with their rifle-barrels and silver-braided sombreros glittering in the moonlight. They were all warmly wrapped in their colored blankets, for the night was cool. There were sixteen of them, while the mules counted up to twenty-seven, and two more men followed in their wake. There was not one of the smugglers who was not armed to the teeth.

"They are on their way from El Paso to Chihuahua," said my guide, laying down his rifle, when they had gone up the steep mountain-side. "They have concentrated here for some reason. There must be Indians about. No more fires at night until after we have passed the mast country."

Then he rolled himself up under the canvas cover, and was soon asleep; but I fell to looking at the stars in the sky-roofed cañon, and thinking how strange it all was, what an effective stage picture it would make, and how like it was to Blackmore's description of the passing of the Doones. It was an important thing to find out before going further if the cañon we were in turned to the westward, and if we could find a way which our stock could travel to the top of the great timber-covered mountains. That we should find water we had no fear. We therefore started at daybreak the next morning to see how the land lay before us, leaving the stock picketed where there was an abundance of grass. As my guide had surmised, the cañon turned at right angles to the west, and at a point about seven miles from our camp. On the way there we had seen several herds of white-tail deer and one old silver-tip bear, a thousand yards away, working his way up some precipitous crags. Having killed an antelope as we crossed the desert, we had sufficient meat, and sportsmen never destroy game they cannot use. We therefore fired no shot.

After turning to the westward the cañon began its sharp ascent. There was a deer trail at the bottom worn as smooth as a canal tow-path; and here and there in the deep dust were the huge foot-prints of bears and mountain lions. The sides of the cañon began to draw closer together, and tall pines rose from the sides of the rocky stream bed, shutting out the light. It is probable that no white man ever ventured so far into the recesses of the Terra Nate; certainly no Mexican rancheros ever did, from fear of the much-dreaded Apaches. My guide, who is one of the most thorough and accomplished hunters in the West, let no opportunity pass in looking for bear that had "holed up." Every fresh track was followed up until lost in the volcanic slag. Every cave and crevice within reach was visited in hopes of finding a hibernating Bruin. It was while on one of these raids on the mountain-side that my companion beckoned me to come up and join him. After a very awkward climb to a steep shelving rock, I found him cutting the brush away from the mouth of a large fissure in the rocks. When an entrance was effected the cave was found to be about twenty-five feet in depth and twelve in width, with an arched roof eight feet high. It was evident that at one time, long ago, it had been occupied by Indians, for scattered about was a large quantity of crockery-ware broken, and standing in a corner a hollowed stone on which they used to grind their corn to make bread. The roof of the cavern was festooned with a beautiful growing vine whose waxy light green leaves were frosted with silver, but whose botanical name I do not know.

Leaving the cave, we continued our way up the cañon, whose bottom was beginning to be very steep. Other cañons began to intersect the one we were in, and at last we were at a loss which to follow. It then became necessary for us to separate, each taking a game trail, and arranging to meet at a rocky pinnacle on the divide which had been rearing its head in front of us for some time. I was soon lost in a labyrinth of doubt which way to proceed, for steep wall rocks rose on every side. My guide, however, continued up his cañon until he reached a broad *mesa*. He was crossing this when he heard a noise which he knew was made by neither deer nor bear. Quick as a flash he sat down on the ground behind a rock, and at the same moment a Mexican, dressed in a handsome suit of buckskin, came cautiously down the trail. He had his rifle in both hands, with his thumb on the hammer. He looked about him, and then, satisfied that no game was near, began trailing his rifle at his side, and talking to himself in Spanish. Suddenly he came face to face with my guide, and found a rifle-barrel pointed at his head. He was in the act of raising his rifle, when my old guide called out, "Wait—drop your guns!"

The man threw his rifle and revolvers on the ground, and then, in good English, gasped out, "My God! you are not an Indian!" Then he scrutinized my guide's face, and presently said, smilingly: "I recollect having seen you before. Are you not Captain ——? This is the first time, in many years that I have travelled these mountains, that I ever met any one, and the only time in my life I was taken unawares."

"Yes? Well, I could have done you up half a dozen times," remarked my guide, in his quiet, matter-of-fact way.

The Mexican was the captain of the smuggling outfit we had seen the night before, and was acquainted with my guide, whom he had first failed to recognize in his white-tail deer cap and Indian tanned buckskin jacket. As I came along at this moment, I was included in the invitation to go over to the smugglers' camp and drink, in deep potations of *tequela*, the success of the Mexican contrabands. The camp was a mile away, and on the way there the captain of the smugglers told us that six Apaches were reported to be in the vicinity, one of his pickets having discovered their moccasin tracks in one of the cañons. At the camp, which was located on the steep side of the divide, we were cordially received. Rightly enough, for the smugglers have nothing to fear from Americans. The party, as I have already said, consisted of nineteen men; of these, only ten were present, the rest being on picket duty. We were obliged to refuse an invitation to pass the night in the smugglers' camp, having our stock to care for; but while I staid I could not fail to remark the wonderful control which the captain had over his men, the admirable system with which everything was managed around the lawless fireside. For instance, when it came time to feed the pack-mules, a long strip of canvas was stretched upon the ground, and twenty-seven messes of corn, at even distances, were distributed upon it; then the captain of the smugglers went to the mouth of a small cañon close by and whistled, whereupon the twenty-seven mules appeared; each went to his feed of corn, and having eaten it, again retired into the cañon.

No class of men have better horses and mules in Mexico than these smugglers, or animals better trained for their work. I was told that the packs were worth $16,000 in our money; that they were filled with cotton and woollen goods, medicines and ammunition. Strange to say, that although the new 1886 pattern of the Winchester rifle was but just put on the market in the East, every one of the smugglers was armed with one of these fire-arms of the 45.70 size. They also carried Colt's revolvers exclusively. In the party I saw, every one had the reputation of being a crack shot. When banded together they can outfight any body of Mexican custom-house guards brought against them. They have no fear of them, but they do dread the prowling bands of Indians, which, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, still infest the Terra Nate and Sierra Madre ranges.

Smuggling goods from the United States into Mexico is a very remunerative business. This is owing to the very high Mexican rates of tariff. For instance, the duty on boots of any kind is $2 50 a pair; woollen manufactured goods, from 90 cents to $8 80 a kilogram (about 2⅛ pounds); cotton goods, from 70 cents to $6 70 a kilogram; silks, from $8 to $34 10, or, mixed with other materials, from $4 40 to $23 20, a kilogram. All other articles are scaled at the same high rates. Is it any wonder, therefore, that when the Paso del Norte custom-house's receipts have been known to figure up to $700,000 in one month that the incentive to smuggle should be very great, especially if in certain cases it is winked at by those in high office? The goods are principally obtained from a certain merchant doing business in El Paso, Texas. Shunning the crossing over the Rio Grande at Paso del Norte, the smugglers by ones and twos cross into Mexico from Texas at various points down the river. This is done at night, to avoid the guards which are strung along the whole of the Mexican frontier. The contrabands continue to travel at night, hiding in the daytime. Each smuggler is provided with a horse and from one to three mules. In this way they pass through the Madalena Mountains, crossing the Mexican Central Railroad between Montezuma Station and Gallego Station, which are simply water-tanks twenty-eight miles apart. Then by different trails they work into the Terra Nate Mountains, where they concentrate, and feeling themselves unobserved, travel only in the daytime.

When they approach Chihuahua they again change day into night, until at last they dispose of their goods on the outskirts of that city. By this route some eighteen round trips are made in a twelvemonth. The smugglers seldom use the same trail more than twice a year, and for this reason it is almost impossible to discover the paths over which so much property is carried. On returning northward the smugglers load their mules with corn and provisions, which they distribute in hiding-places in the mountains along the trail which is to be their route on their next trip down to Chihuahua.

Tucson, Arizona, *March* 24, 1887.

CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE.

Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, who died at her home in this city on April 4, was famous for her great charities. She was born in New York on March 28, 1828. Her father was John David Wolfe, and her mother a sister of Peter Lorillard. Mr. Wolfe was the head of the hardware firm of Wolfe & Bishop, and was a very rich and a very charitable man. Miss Wolfe's earlier years were passed in her father's house on the south corner of Astor Place and Broadway. About thirty years ago Mr. Wolfe removed to the handsome house on the north corner of East Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Square. His wife died in this house when Catherine Wolfe was a very young woman, and he died here in 1872. The death of her father left Miss Wolfe in possession of an income of $300,000 a year. She was the only surviving child, a younger sister, Mrs. William B. Hoffman, having died in 1866.

The charities of Miss Wolfe began when she came into possession of her great property, and continued as long as she lived. For fifteen years, it is estimated, she gave away $200,000 a year, and during the latter part of her life more than that sum yearly. Her property increased constantly in value, affording of late years an income variously estimated at $500,000 and at $700,000 a year. Probably most of Miss Wolfe's benefactions were bestowed through the medium of the Episcopal Church, although she did much privately. She became so well known as a giver that the demands made upon her grew to be enormous, and she was forced to turn for assistance to some organization skilled in charitable distribution. She gave a great deal to Church purposes purely. To Grace Church, of which she was a member, her gifts were Grace House, fronting Eleventh Street in Fourth Avenue, the fine vestry-room, the reredos, the organ, $70,000 toward building the marble steeple, and recently a large building in Lafayette Place, which is to be fitted up as a clergy house for the diocese.

The Newsboys' Lodging-House at Gouverneur Street and East Broadway is the gift of Miss Wolfe. Some of her other gifts were $100,000 to Union College, $30,000 to St. Luke's Hospital, $20,000 to the American School at Athens, $95,000 to St. John's School on Long Island, $50,000 to the Italian Mission Church in Mulberry Street, and a large sum—said by some to have aggregated $200,000—to the American Episcopal Church in Paris. Many schools and churches in this country, and particularly in the South and West, have met her benefactions.

Miss Wolfe owned a house at Newport which cost, with its contents and the land upon which it stands, some $700,000; and a fine place at Throg's Neck. The Newport house and her house in Madison Avenue (the same in which her father died) contained paintings which formed one of the finest private collections in the country. This collection, by Miss Wolfe's will, was given entire to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and is, of course, a gift to the public by such disposition. The money value of these pictures is estimated at half a million of dollars, but the collection includes many pictures whose worth is scarcely to be estimated by a money standard. Pictures like these are to be reckoned among the best possessions that a public may be blessed with, and they are a notable help toward the satisfaction of a want which has long been a reproach to this art-poor city—art-poor upon its public side, at least, when it is compared with the other cities of its size in the world. This gift is accompanied by another of $200,000, the income of which is to be devoted to the better preservation of the art collection and to its future increase.

An idea of the value of the collection which Miss Wolfe has given to the public forever may be gathered from a rehearsal of the names of some of the pictures contained in it and of the artists who painted them. There are in the Madison Avenue house Rosa Bonheur's "Weaning the Calves," Detaille's "Guard of Honor chasing the Fleeing Cossacks," Munkacsy's "Mont de Piété," Gérôme's "Prayer in the Mosque," Corot's "Ville d'Avray"; "Horsemen," by Meissonier; "Palazzo Reale, Venice," by M. Rico; "Flowers and Fruits," by Preyer; "Turkish Dancing Girl," by Cabanel; "Cattle Group," by Troyon; "Arab Horseman," by Fromentin; "Head of a Young Girl," by G. Jacques; "Monk Playing a Violin," by Tony Robert Fleury; "St. Marco, Venice," by Ziem; "Abandoned," by Schreyer; "The Album," by R. de Madrazo; "The Proposal," by Meyer von Bremen; "The Holy Family," by Knaus; portrait of Miss **Wolfe**, by Cabanel; "The Sick Minstrel Boy," by Louis Gallait; "Brother and Sister," by Bouguereau; and "The Christian Martyr," by Max. The collection includes numerous other specimens by painters whose names stand high upon the lists of art. By reason of this gift—the most generous of its kind that has ever been made to New York city—and by reason as well of Mr. **Cornelius Vanderbilt**'s recent gift of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and Mr. **George I. Seney**'s gift of a number of valuable paintings, the gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art takes a great step upward among picture collections.

Miss **Wolfe** had been ill since her return from Newport in September last. Her death was caused by Bright's disease.

A VENTURE IN CHICKENS.

Ever since I was a small boy and the proud owner of a bantam hen, which suffered an untimely end at my hands by being squeezed to death, I have been possessed of a deep desire to own a number of chickens. We had moved, the year before, into a small suburban cottage, and during that summer, when I had seen the neighbors' fowls calmly scratching up our back-yard, the old thought grew within me, and by the next season I had prevailed over the counsels of my wife, and purchased as many chickens as lay within my modest means. I was a happy man when I saw the flock gather about the door-step for the first time, as they anxiously awaited their evening allowance, and for fear that some unprincipled being might avail himself of the opportunity to replenish his roost by depleting mine, I secured a watch-dog. I also subscribed to a number of agricultural papers that devoted a column or so to the interest of fowls, and purchased books on the care of chickens, which I read devotedly. How my heart swelled with pride when a hen proclaimed with unnecessary reiteration the advent of an egg! and after I had searched for half an hour for it, how triumphantly I bore the warm object to my wife, remarking, "Now, my dear, we can have fresh eggs every morning for breakfast, and all you need in addition for cakes and puddings."

But, alas, the heart of man is often centred upon things of vanity, and it is not well to put your trust even in chickens. Perhaps a few extracts from my diary may best serve to show the sequel:

"*May* 1.—It being the first pleasant day, the doors and windows were left open, and my wife, going down-stairs about noon, found two ambitious roosters on the piano, while a third was industriously picking at the beads on the sofa cushion. In order to prevent a repetition of the scene No. 3 was converted into stew."

"*May* 3.—My dog has suddenly developed a fancy for playing with the fowls, and spends most of his time in chasing them around the yard; at any rate, it keeps them out of mischief."

"*May* 7.—One hen is missing. I suspect the dog."

"*May* 9.—I found a nest of eggs to-day in the back of the garden, and in carrying them to the house in my hat I stumbled—eggs and hat ruined."

"*May* 10.—Another hen missing."

"*May* 11.—While coming from the train to-day I noticed a couple of hens looking very much like mine in a neighbor's yard, but unfortunately the fowls have no distinctive mark of individuality."

"*May* 15.—Wrong as regards the hens. Both have been found sitting in a corner of the garden; were not disturbed. Prospects of two fine broods."

"*May* 18.—The newly planted flower bed has afforded my flock much amusement, to the ruination of the plants; loss, five dollars."

"*May* 19.—Another nest found. This time I carried the eggs to the house one by one."

"*May* 20.—The sitting hens have deserted their nests. Can the dog have frightened them off?"

"*May* 22.—The roosters seem to be troubled with insomnia, as they awake us at all hours of the night with their crowing. No remedy mentioned in books or papers."

"*May* 24.—All the fowls came into the front hall to-day, and enjoyed themselves by picking at the bright carpet tacks, which are usually considered very indigestible: hope they swallowed none."

"*May* 26.—The dog must go; he was found to-day eating eggs."

"*May* 28.—My wife declares that the chickens must follow the dog; but a reprieve was granted, as I found two nests of eggs."

"*May* 29.—A number of fowls missing. As the dog has been disposed of, it must be some other agency."

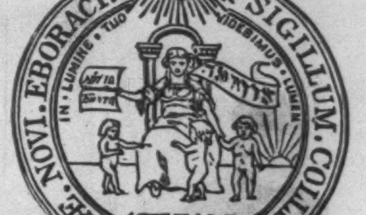
"*May* 30.—Their fate is sealed. The old rooster was rather tough eating, but my wife says that the next butcher's bill will be considerably less than usual."

"*June* 15.—The last pullet eaten. I have decided that my forte is not chickens."

"*June* 16.—The fowls that were missing a couple of weeks ago returned to-day, but gave no account of themselves. They seemed rather lonely."

"*June* 17.—Two weeks' diet on chickens is enough; so Mitchell, the colored man who does chores about the place, was presented with the prodigals. Thank Heaven! no more."

Total loss, including flower bed, hat, and dog, thirty-eight dollars. **Flavel S. Mines.**


SIGILLUM. COLLEGII. COLUMBIAE. NOVI. EBORACI.
IN LUMINE TUO VIDEBIMUS LUMEN
1 PET. II. 1. 2. 7.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Columbia celebrates on Wednesday, the 13th inst., the centenary of her reorganization as a college. The wisdom of placing in the infant metropolis an educational leaven, in the shape of an institution of learning modelled after those of the parent country, seems to have suggested itself at a very early period. We find thus in 1703 the rector and wardens of Trinity Church directed to wait upon the Governor in order to ascertain what portion of their recent donation of land, the "King's Farme," had been intended for the college which he designed to have built. Decisive steps, however, were not taken in this direction until 1746, when the raising of money by public lottery was authorized for the purpose of establishing a college. The sums realized from these successive lotteries, amounting to £3443 18*s*., were vested in a body of trustees, ten in number, a majority of whom belonged to the Church of England, while some were also vestry-men of Trinity Church. Whether from free volition or because, as would seem probable, the intent in the donation of land made a half-century previous was that a certain portion thereof should be set apart for educational purposes—whatever may have been the motives that influenced the action of Trinity Church—we find her now coming forward and offering to cede a portion of the "King's Farme" to these trustees. The rumor of this proposed donation exciting apprehensions of an attempt to introduce into the colony the English Church Establishment, provoked the most violent opposition to the bestowal of a charter, and delayed thus the definitive establishment of the college until 1754.

The new institution received by royal charter the name of "King's College." Among its governors were designated the rector of Trinity, the senior minister of the Reformed Church, and the ministers of the French Protestant and the Presbyterian churches, while the college was expressly enjoined against forming any laws or regulations tending "to exclude any person of any religious denomination whatever from equal liberty and advantage of education."

The formal conveyance of land was now made on behalf of Trinity, coupled, however, with the stipulation that the president of the college should always be a communicant of the Church of England, and that the daily religious services should conform to the liturgy. This sectarian limitation, while exciting opposition at the time, and tempting adverse criticism since, has never in its practical application been productive of an illiberal policy, and on one occasion, as we shall see, it did not prove to be an insurmountable obstacle to a free election.

On the 17th of July, 1754, in the vestry-room of the school-house belonging to Trinity Church, the first class, numbering eight students, gathered to receive the instruction of their worthy president, Dr. **Samuel Johnson**. On the 23d of August of the following year the corner-stone of King's College was laid on the ground conveyed by Trinity Church. The history of the institution from this period until the opening of the war of the Revolution shows a slow but constant progress, and although the whole number of students educated prior to 1775 numbered but 100, among them were many who, like **Alexander Hamilton**, exercised a strong and abiding influence upon the character and destiny of our country. The description of the college contained in the papers of Dr. **Myles Cooper**, successor in the presidency to Dr. **Johnson**, gives a clear picture of the outlook of the college intellectually as well as physically. After ennumerating the various sources from which the institution has derived its benefactions, the president says: "The governors of the college have been enabled to extend their plan of education almost as diffusely as any college in Europe, herein being taught ....Divinity, Natural Law, Physics, Logic, Ethics, Metaphysics, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Geography, History, Chronology, Rhetoric, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Modern Languages, the Belles-Lettres, and whatever else of literature may tend to accomplish the pupils as scholars and gentlemen. The college is situated on a dry, gravelly soil, about one hundred and fifty yards from the bank of the Hudson River, which it overlooks, commanding from the eminence on which it stands a most extensive and beautiful prospect of the opposite shore and country of New Jersey, the city and island of New York, Long Island, Staten Island, New York Bay with its islands, the Narrows forming the mouth of the harbor," etc. Such was the eyrie from which King's College looked down upon the most illustrious of her hundred pupils, **Alexander Hamilton**, that fatal morning in July, 1804.

With the increasing tension between the colony and the mother country the worthy president, as was natural, enlisted his energies on the side of the latter, and his busy and eloquent pen embittered the patriots to such an extent that in 1775 he, with four other citizens, was openly denounced as a parricide, and declared responsible for all the innocent blood that had been shed. The fury of the populace at last rose to such a point that a mob on the night of May 10, 1775, invaded the presidential dwelling. But the venerable Tory had been warned in season to scale the college fence and make good his escape. The year following the buildings were converted by the provisional government into a military hospital, and from this period until 1784 whatever instruction was given in the name of the college must have been of the most limited character. We have indications of its existence, but that is all. With the return of peace the college once more lifted its head. On its own application in 1784 it was erected into a university, and its title changed from King's College to Columbia College, while its control was vested in a board styled "Regents of the University of the State of New York," composed of eight State and city officials, and twenty-four gentlemen, two selected from each county. Furthermore, the clergy of each religious denomination in the State were empowered to choose a Regent from their own body.

The educational scheme drafted by the Regents is truly dazzling in its boldness when we remember that the income of the college at that period did not exceed £1200. There were to be four faculties, as in the universities of mediæval Europe—Arts, Divinity, Medicine, and Law—the first embracing seven professorhips, the second all such as might be constituted by the different religious bodies existing within the State, the third of seven, and the last of three chairs of instruction. Furthermore, there should be nine extra professorships, besides president, secretary, and librarian. This scheme, it need not be said, proposed too much, and having in consequence proved a failure, three years later, on the 13th of April, 1787, the Assembly passed a bill placing Columbia College under its original charter, with certain modifications, and vesting the control in twenty-nine trustees. Thenceforth the Regents were restricted to those supervisory functions which they still continue to exercise. This is the accepted date of the refounding of the institution.

The reconstructed college received as its first president Dr. **William Samuel Johnson**, son of the first president of the old King's College. The faculties of the new institution consisted of Arts, with three professorships, and Medicine, with three, while Law and Divinity were unrepresented, and the only extra professor was an unsalaried instructor in German. The number of students at this time was thirty-nine. Glancing rapidly over the history of the ensuing hundred years, which on Wednesday will have scored their full toll of days, we see, toward the close of the eighteenth century, the college again boldly enlarging its basis of operations by appointing a dean and seven professors in medicine, and filling several new academic chairs. But the financial support given by the State for a limited period being withdrawn, Columbia was forced to retrench, and curtailed her staff.

In 1811 a most interesting question arose at the resignation of Bishop **Moore** from the presidency. Dr. **Mason** was designated by universal consensus as the man best qualified and most deserving of the succession. But unfortunately his theological affiliations—he being a stanch Presbyterian—stood in the way. To overcome this difficulty a new office, that of provost, was created and conferred on Dr. **Mason**, while Dr. **Harris** was chosen to the honorary presidency. This arrangement continued in force until the resignation of Dr. **Mason** in 1816, when the office of provost was discontinued. In 1814 a tract of twenty-six acres of land, distant three and a half miles from the city, and then forming the botanic garden of Professor **Hoosack**, was purchased by the State and ceded to the college in return for the 20,000 acres granted in 1783 to King's College, which tract, forming part of the territory erected in 1791 into the State of Vermont, had been sequestered. The present boundaries of this property, by far the larger part of which still remains in the possession of the college, are Forty-seventh and Fifty-first streets, and Fifth avenue and a line running parallel to and about one hundred feet distant from Sixth avenue. In 1830, stimulated perhaps by the proposal to establish a rival institution, the University of the City of New York, the governing body of the college again made a decided effort to broaden the curriculum, organizing side by side with the old or classical course a new course styled the "scientific" or "literary," covering three years, and designed to train young men for service as civil or military engineers, architects, etc.; but after a little more than a decade, in 1843, this latter course, enlisting no students, was discontinued. Yet again in 1854 we find the college setting its face firmly in the university direction. The report of the committee presented July 24 embodies a most elaborate, carefully adjusted, and complete scheme of higher instruction.

The old college, as such, disappears. In its place two parallel courses, demanding each three years, the one mainly classical, the other mainly scientific, are to be established. Based thereupon, a cluster of three special schools is to be founded. First, Philosophy and Philology; second, Jurisprudence and History; third, Mathematical and Physical Science. The course in each school shall extend over three years, though at the close of the first the student may receive the Baccalaureate degree in Arts or Science, according to the curriculum previously followed. To realize this plan a number of the most eminent scholars were invited to assist the officers of the college in giving courses of graduate instruction during the session of '58 to '59. **Arnold Guyot** and **George P. Marsh** accepted the invitation, and from the side of the college Professors **Peck**, **Hackley**, and **Nairne** lent their assistance; but again Columbia's ideas and plans advanced her age, and the university scheme was abandoned from lack of support. This last effort, nevertheless, was far from unfruitful, for out of it came the present Law School, organized in that year by Chancellor **Kent**'s worthy successor, Professor **Theodore W. Dwight**, while two years later the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in which Columbia a half century earlier (1813) had merged her own medical faculty, was adopted as a department of the university. The century that had elapsed since the laying of the corner-stone of King's College had witnessed a great transformation. Instead of looking down from its gravelly eminence across the greensward of its lawns westward upon the Hudson, and to the south upon a straggling town, a great city had grown up about it, and business was rapidly walling in on every side the scholastic walks and prospects; hence in 1857 a temporary removal was effected to the buildings occupied formerly by the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum occupying the square bounded by Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets and Madison and Fourth avenues. Pending definite settlement, long discussions were held as to the best site possible for the erection of new buildings. Washington Heights at one time suggested itself as a desirable location, and a considerable tract of land was purchased, while at another period a portion of the college domain between Forty-seventh and Fifty-first streets was graded for this purpose. But the pressing demands for more suitable accommodations forced a decision; the erection of one building entailed the erection of another upon the same site, and as a result the temporary home of the college has become its permanent abiding-place.

The presidency of Dr. **Barnard**, dating from 1864, has been marked by unflagging effort in the direction already determined by the position of the college and its past history. The plan for a school of mines, elaborated by Professor **Eglestone**, himself a graduate of the École des Mines of Paris, had been adopted the year previous to Dr. **Barnard**'s accession, but warned by experience, the trustees demanded as a condition, *sine qua non*, of the new department, that it should be entirely self-supporting. All those who enlisted in the enterprise bound themselves, therefore, by pledges not to appeal to the board for aid, and financial stress would have rendered the new plan as abortive as its predecessors save for the president's energetic intervention. Fettered by no promises, he asked and secured support. The success of the school and its contributions to the scientific knowledge and productive power of our country are too well known to need mention here. The scientific school of the future university was thus definitively established. In 1880 the School of Political Science came into being. Designed to afford a thorough training theoretically in this important field and to fit men for the public service, it has already, despite its brief existence, abundantly demonstrated its practical efficiency. At the same time the academic curriculum was considerably broadened by the introduction of all the more effective modern languages, and an extended scheme of graduate instruction was introduced. More recently the library of Columbia College has been thoroughly systematized and rendered an important adjunct to the various curricula. The School of Library Economy associated therewith, which opened this fall, has attracted nearly a score of pupils, and promises good practical work in a hitherto neglected field. Simultaneously with the reorganization of the library in 1883 a collegiate course for women equivalent to that offered to matriculates went into operation. The students in this course pursue their studies outside the college, present themselves at stated periods for examinations, and receive degrees equally with their brothers.

The story of Columbia's past century is thus, as we have seen, one of generous, enthusiastic effort. Constantly foiled by slow-moving time and capricious circumstances, at last under the present régime she has begun to attain the long-sought-after university ideal. The success of any institution of learning depends mainly upon two factors—a wisely progressive policy within, and hearty, steadfast support from without. The main obstacle hitherto in the path of Columbia has been, as her history abundantly demonstrates, financial weakness. To-day, even, despite the enormous appreciation in real values and the consequent swelling of her income, she is seriously hampered by obligations contracted in connection with her recent buildings and with the enlargement of her curriculum. For while her sister universities find alumni or appreciative friends ever ready to meet the extraordinary expenses inevitable to every growing institution, Columbia College is compelled to rely wholly upon her own resources, burying thus in brick and mortar that income which should be religiously set apart for intellectual architecture. It seems passing strange that in this centre of wealth an institution which above all others should appeal to our civic pride should lack financial support, albeit no investment of accumulations can be made with equal security and as rich returns as that placed in the hands of an educational institution of long standing. The next century, that seems destined to transform New York city into a great intellectual centre, will, we trust, also place Columbia College in her proper position, enabling her to exercise in and through our community that same pregnant influence which New England, and our whole country through New England, have long received from Harvard. The following is the status of Columbia College, taken from Register 1885-86.

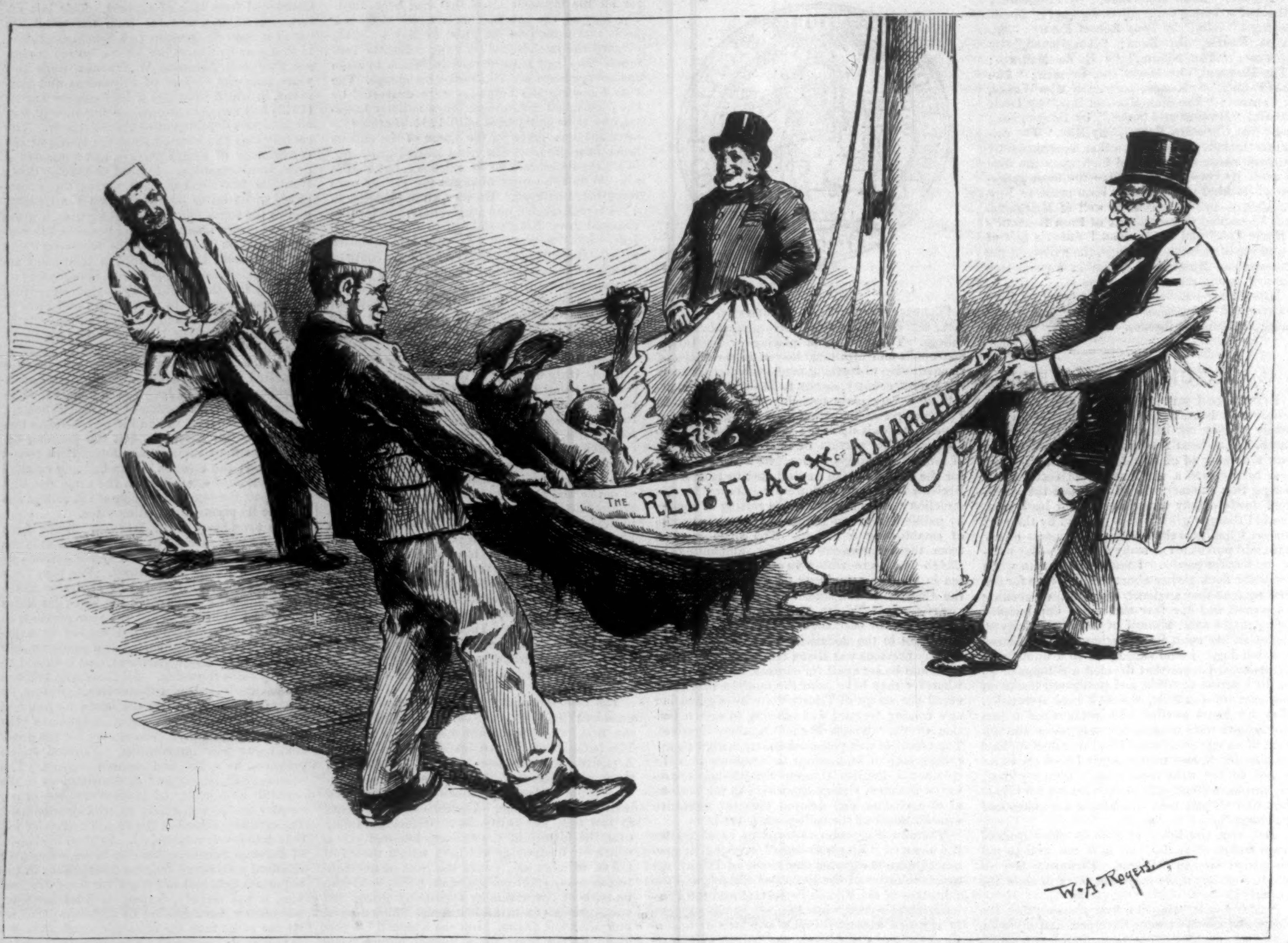
Active Professors.—Arts, 17; Mines, 13; Law, 5; Political Science, 4; Medicine, 22: total, deducting for repetition, 51.

Other Instructors.—Arts, 27; Mines, 18; Law, 5; Political Science, 5; Medicine, 46: total, deducting for repetition, 95.

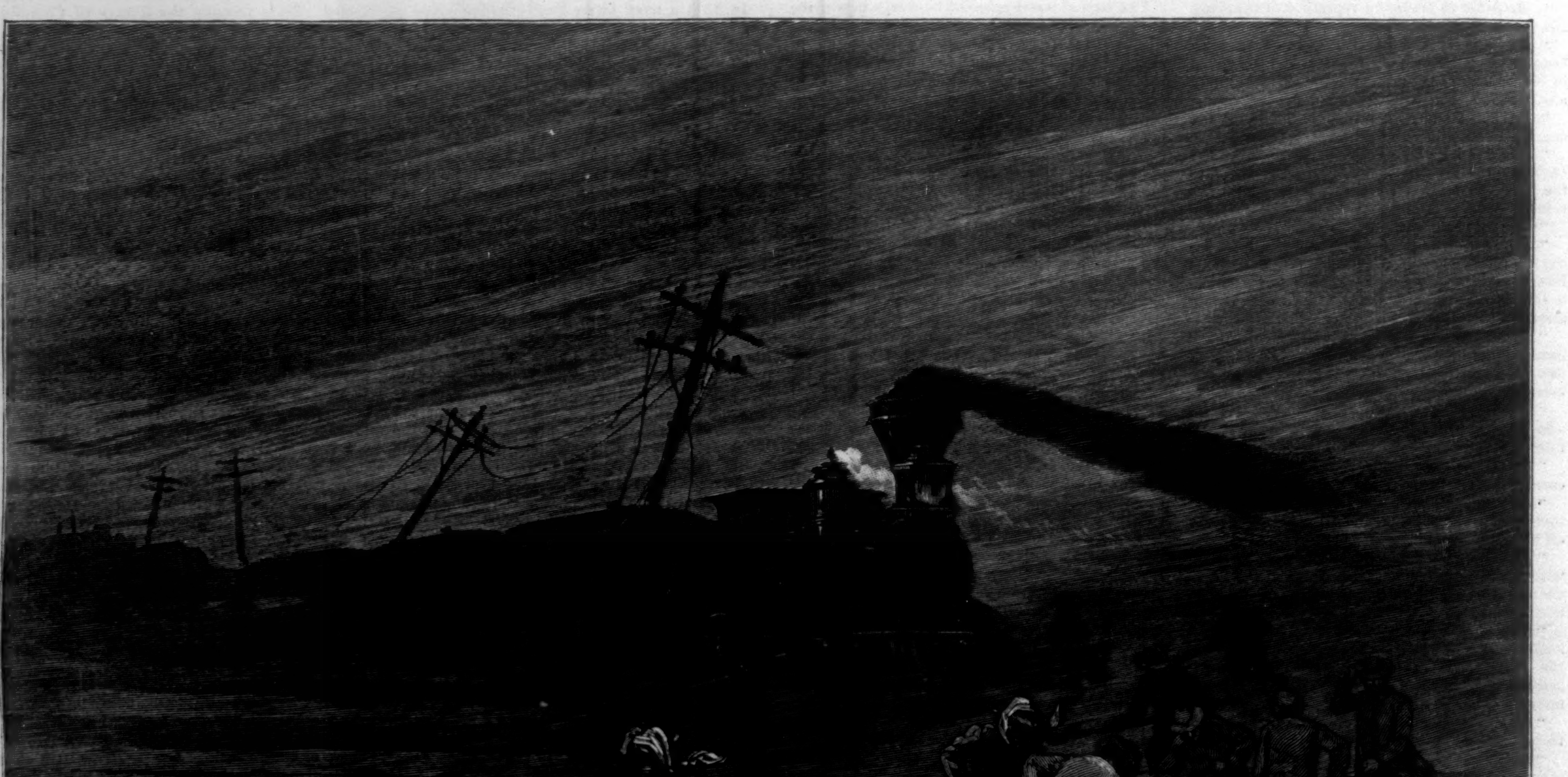
Library Staff.—One Head Librarian, 5 Department Librarians, 25 Assistants: total, 31.

Students.—Arts, 260; Course for Women, 13; Mines, 225; Law 344; Political Science, 71; Medicine, 562: total, deducting for repetition, 1379.

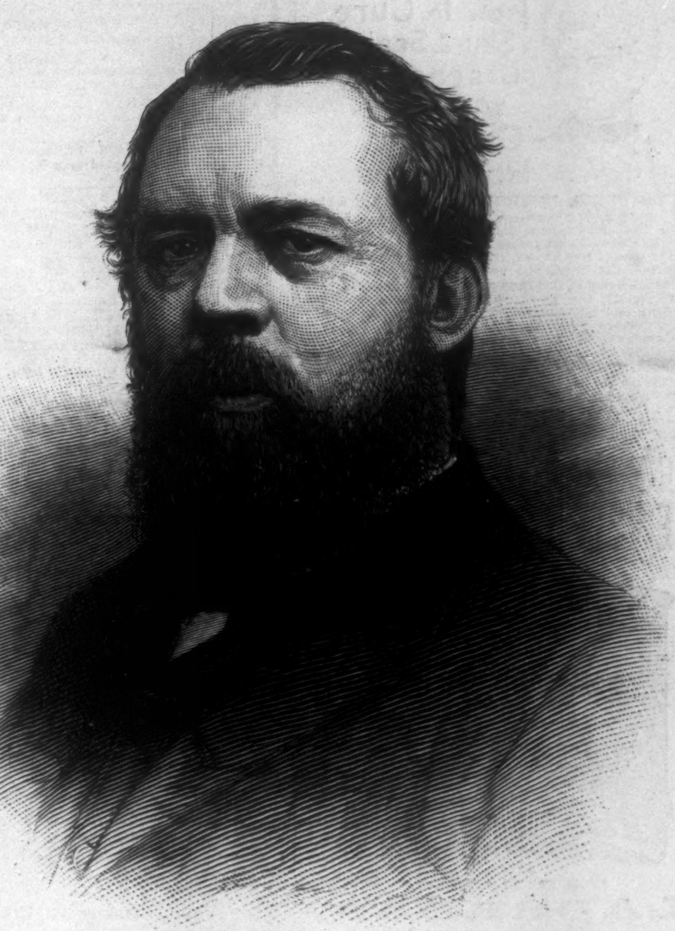
Charles Sprague Smith.


THE RED FLAG OF ANARCHY
W. A. Rogers

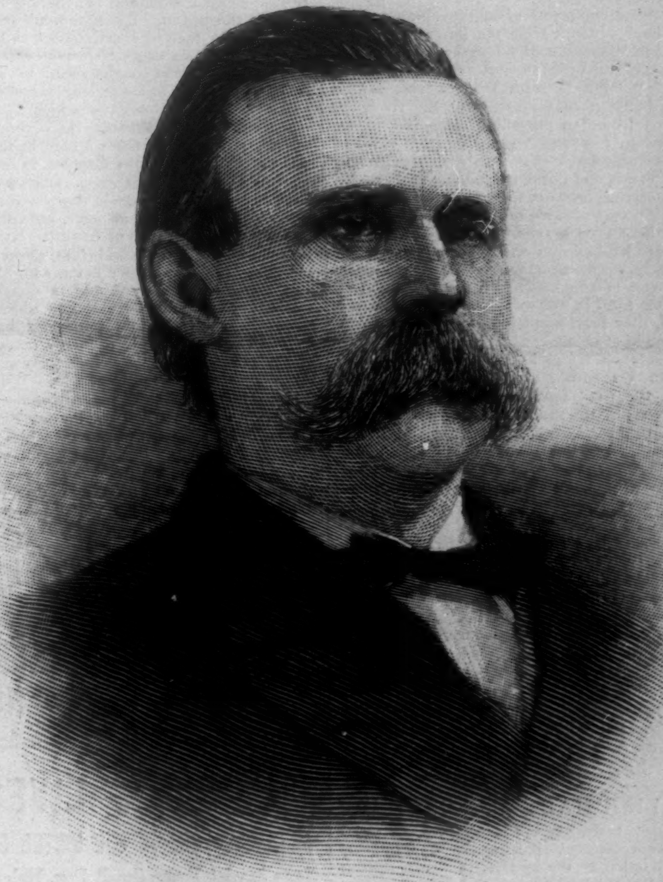
THE LATEST CHICAGO IDEA: TOSSING THE ANARCHIST IN HIS OWN BLANKET—THE RED FLAG.—(*See Returns of Tuesday's Election.*)



A SAND STORM IN EASTERN OREGON.—Drawn by Charles Graham after a Sketch by J. Norman Biles.—[See Page 282.]



AMOR SMITH, JUN., RE-ELECTED MAYOR OF CINCINNATI.—From a Photograph by Landy.

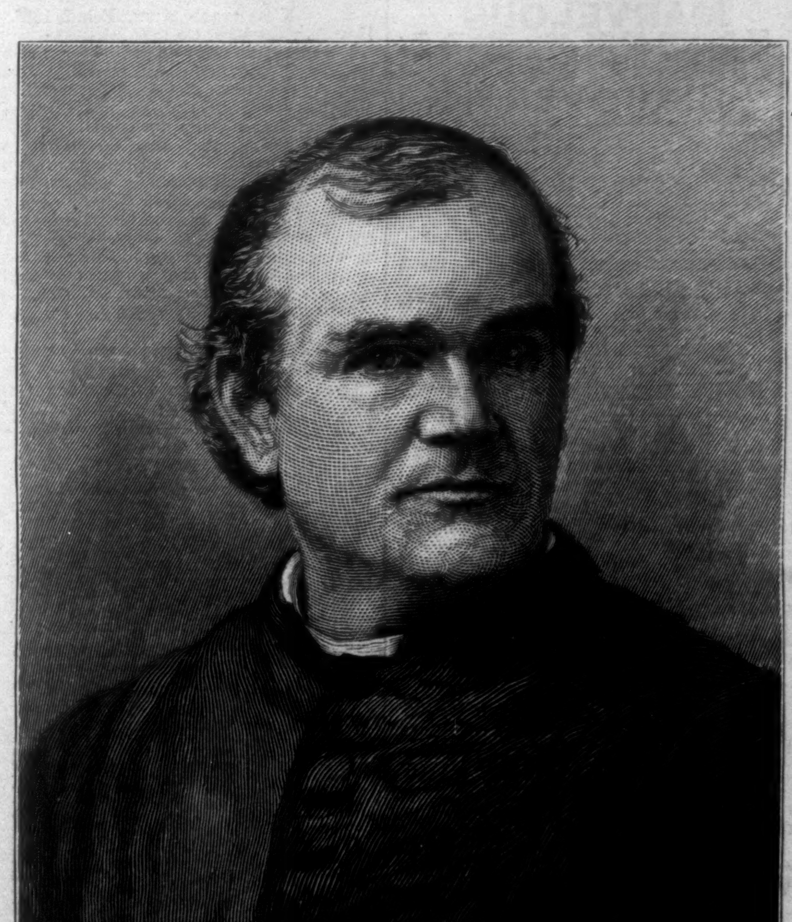


JOHN A. ROCHE, MAYOR-ELECT OF CHICAGO.—From a Photograph by C. D. Mosher.

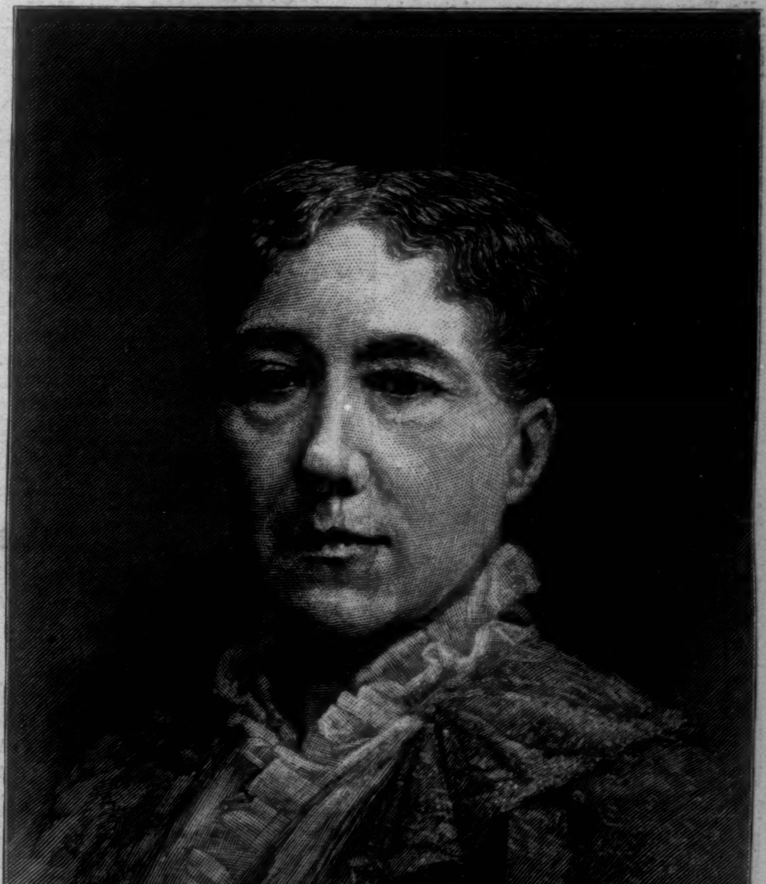
THE MAYORS-ELECT OF CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO.

The municipal elections which took place in Cincinnati and Chicago on the 4th and 5th of April respectively were of unusual importance, and have a more than local interest. In Cincinnati Mayor Smith was re-elected by a plurality which appears at this moment to be 596, in a total vote of 46,381. The next highest candidate was Stevenson, the nominee of the Labor party, who at first, so close was the vote, was thought to be elected. The significance of this balloting, which very nearly made a distinctively working-man's candidate Mayor of Cincinnati, is obvious. Relatively to the total vote cast Stevenson developed greater strength in Cincinnati than Henry George did in New York. Mr. Amor Smith, Jun., was the nominee of the Republican party for re-election, and has shown himself during the past year to be a competent and trustworthy Chief Magistrate. For many years he has been an active member of his party in Ohio. He was a Collector of Internal Revenue under President Hayes, and in the year 1882 was a candidate for Congress in the Second District of Ohio, but was defeated by Congressman Jordan. During the term he has already served as Mayor his most conspicuous action was probably that of last spring, during the labor riots, when he brought the militia into use for keeping the peace promptly and effectively, yet with such discretion that no irritation was caused nor blood shed. The details of the recent balloting by wards seem to indicate that he received the votes of many business men besides those of his own party.

In Chicago the municipal election was even more important, both in its local and general bearings. The Democrats made no nomination for Mayor, and the contest therefore came directly between Mr. Roche, the Republican candidate, and Mr. Robert Nelson, the candidate of the Labor party. The latter was supported also by the Socialists, who, however, by their violent utterances drove many Democrats to the Republican candidate. Although the vote was much smaller than two years ago, when Mayor Carter Harrison was elected for the last time, it resulted in an overwhelming majority of nearly 28,000 for Roche, who polled 51,268 votes against Nelson's 23,410. Mayor-elect John A. Roche has not figured hitherto in national politics. He has long been a resident of Chicago, and has been a member of the Illinois Legislature. As the representative of sundry Eastern manufacturers he is well known in business circles. As a public speaker he has a manly directness which has created a good impression of what may be expected of him in the office to which he has been chosen.



REV. EDWARD McGLYNN.—From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 288, Supplement.]



CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE.—From a Photograph by Kurtz.—[See Page 278.]

A SAND-STORM IN EASTERN OREGON.

THE numerous tracts of sand extending along the Columbia River, from the Dalles, in eastern Oregon, to Wallula, in Washington Territory, are a source of no little amount of trouble to the railroad passing through that section. These sand-beds, lying as they do near the river, unprotected from the prevailing up-stream winds, are constantly changing—shifting from place to place, covering and uncovering the stunted growth of sage-brush, and filling every nook and crevice to be found in the scattered groups of rocks and bowlders. On each side of the railroad, in places where these beds are more exposed to the elements, are wooden sand-shifts resembling miniature fences, placed some ten or twelve feet apart, at an angle of about 45° with the track, and as the flying sand is whirled along the line of the railroad, they form a good protection by throwing it to either side.

The severest storm known to this section of the country occurred toward the close of last winter; the wind blowing a regular hurricane from the south, the sand-shifts, being in a wrong position to meet such a gale from that point of the compass, were in many places completely covered up. The sand blockaded the track in some instances to a depth of three or four feet, and had to be shovelled off, allowing delayed trains to push ahead foot by foot only to close in to the rear as soon as the train had gained headway.

Our illustration is taken from a sketch made of this memorable sand-storm, and gives a fair idea of its general characteristics. As the counterpart of a natural phenomenon usually associated with the African desert, such a storm has a new and curious interest. When it becomes more familiar we shall need a name for the sand-laden wind of Oregon. In Africa it is known as the simoom; in southern Italy, the sirocco; in Turkey, the samiel; and in Egypt, kamsin.

A LIFE MADE MISERABLE

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive *indicia* of this harassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and, as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

FOR all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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A FAMOUS DETECTIVE.

JAMES JACKSON, the famous State detective, resides in Sing Sing, and is generally in attendance at the prison. His duties are to examine carefully the face of every convict as he enters, and to scrutinize every visitor in order to prevent any discharged convict seeing his pals. Occasionally he has to make long journeys in pursuit of runaway prisoners or to identify criminals convicted in other States. He never makes a mistake; if once he looks a man in the eye he will know him under any disguise, as he tells his man by the look of his eyes. Once an escaped convict had his nose pared down one third, but Jackson detected him at once, notwithstanding this remarkable change of feature. Mr. Jackson is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, about 35 years old, of a light and sinewy build, with black hair and piercing black eyes, and is altogether remarkably handsome. He knows about 10,000 criminals, and it is simply wonderful that he can distinguish the features of every one. On his long journeys he eats very moderately and always takes one Brandreth pill at night. When much fatigued by the jolting of the cars on his tiresome trips he uses two Allcock's Porous Plasters on the small of the back, which give him renewed vigor and quickly relieve him of all weariness. These are the only two remedies he uses, and he attributes his vigor and remarkable health to Allcock's Porous Plasters and Brandreth's Pills.—*Sing Sing, N. Y., Daily Register.*

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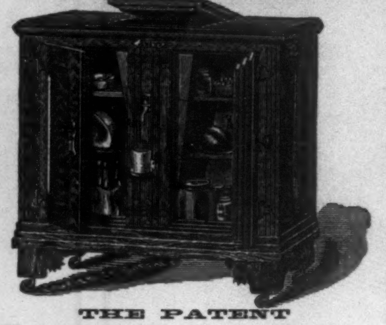

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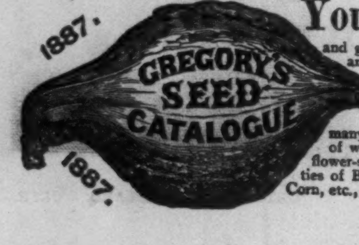

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More Facts.

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We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is treble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.

Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1884.

I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M.D.

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HENRY KNAPP.

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I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.

P. M. BARNES.

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J. J. BABCOCK,
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I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

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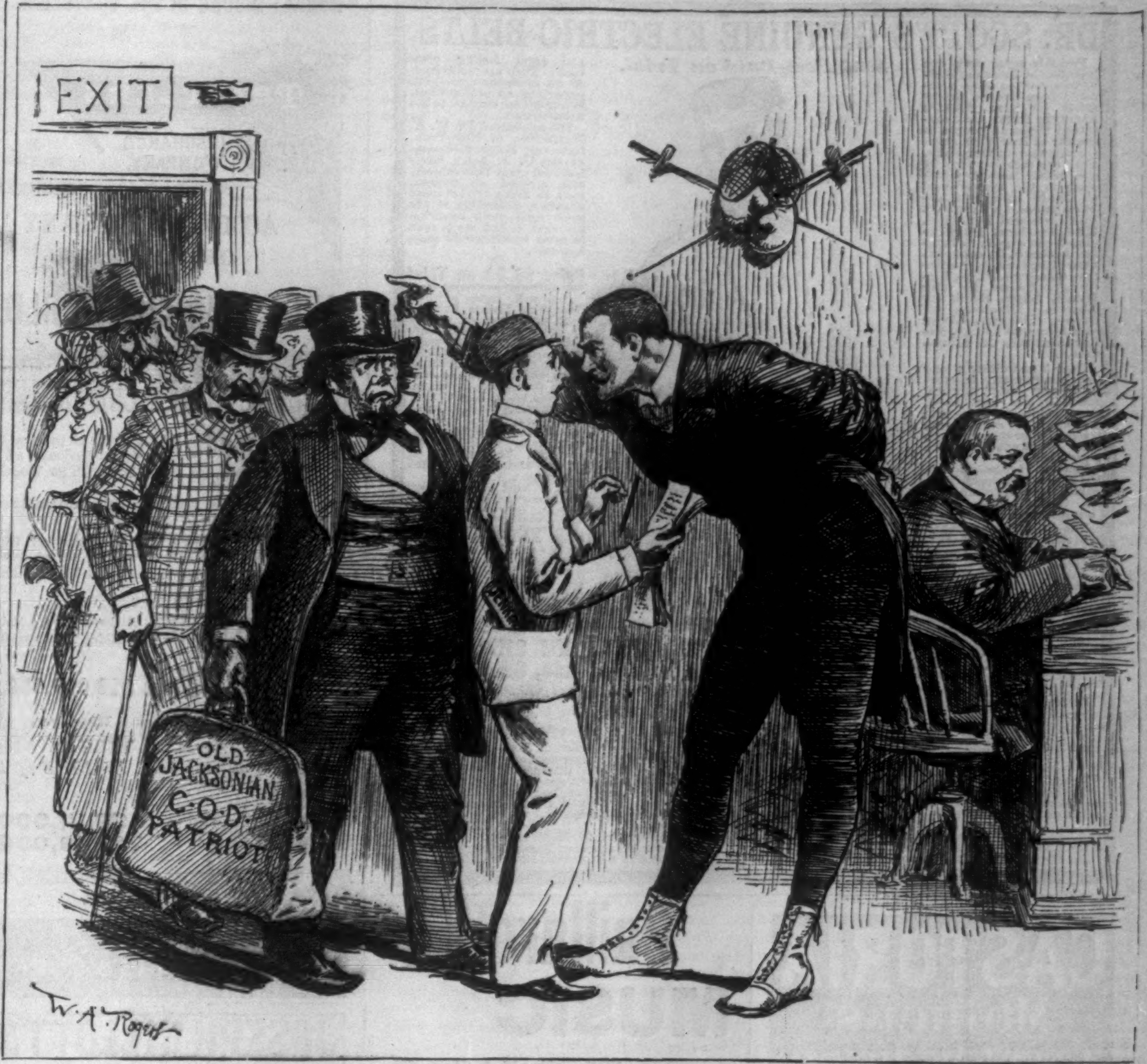

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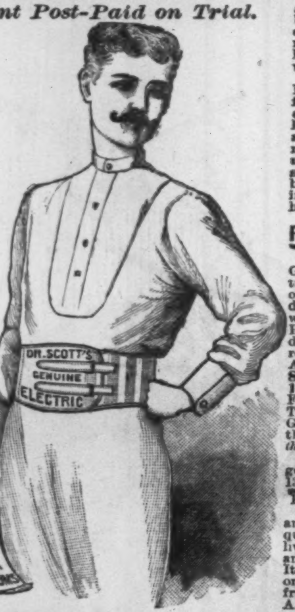
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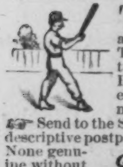

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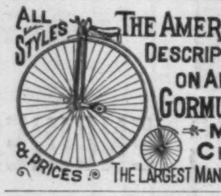

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"Who goes his neighboure's baile,
Feels his neighboure's flaile."
—*Old Ballad.*

I.

The hammers on the roof sounded with alternate sound, though occasionally one was swung more quickly than the other, and the two fell in unison. Now a few seconds' pause, and again the pines resounded with the four or five strokes in quick succession. All day long the woods had been filled with this noise, for the "first cutting" was nearly ripe, and it was necessary that the tobacco-house should be ready.

"Is yo' got enny mo' o' them sixpennies, Leish?" asked a young man, feeling deep down into the pocket of his striped bedticking apron. "I lacks a few to finish."

"I raaly don' b'lieve I's got enny to spyar." The speaker put down the "slab" which he was about to nail in its proper place, and looked into the little box which all day he had been pushing before him, as the boards nailed on reached the point where it rested, held upon the edge of the scantling by the long nail driven through the bottom. "But thar's some down thar 'pon the groun' yo' kin git, in that haversack layin' by my coat."

Joshua Stiggs dropped his hammer upon the pile of slabs and started down. The setting sun threw its horizontal rays across the top of the roof, and for a second encircled the young man's head with an aureole of brilliant hue. The hair that glistened beneath the narrow brim of a sunburnt straw hat, long out of season, was shaggy and uneven, reminding one somewhat of the end of a mule colt's tail. As his hand grasped the rung of the ladder resting upon the edge of the roof, the muscles stood out upon the sunburnt arm from which the sleeve was rolled up, and gave some idea of the young farmer's strength.

"Fetch my saw 'long ez yo' come, will yo'?" called the man from the roof, looking down over the gable end; "it's roun' thar settin' up 'g'ins' that 'simmon."

Before the sawing of "the comb" was finished the dusk of the evening had come on, and the stars were beginning to show themselves.

"Did yo' heah Jeems Broadwater say ennything yistiddy 'bout his bin summonsed 'fo' Sq'r' Burton to-morrer?" asked the younger of the two men as he put on his coat.

"Nor, I nuver," answered his brother, as the axe was thrown upon his shoulder and he started down the narrow path. "What 'd he say?"

"W'y," said the man walking close behind him, "he 'lowed ez Bill Green lef' wo'd at his house t'other day fer him to come to Browser's sto' in the mornin' ez a witness 'g'ins' Sam Hackit. He wuz tellin' o' that, I b'lieves, when yo' wuz off gittin' that las' load o' slabs."

"What's they got Sam up 'bout now?"

"'Bout 'busin' his wife, an' th'eat'nin' to kill her when he got drunk time o' the fish-fry up the ruver las' Sat'day. Yo' hearn 'bout her comin' to Jeems's house an' stayin' thar all night when he druv her out'n his house. An' that's huccome Jeems say he's summonsed ez a witness."

"I hearn 'bout his gittin' drunk an' 'busin' her; but that ain' nuthin' onusyal, yo' know, though I nuver know nuthin' 'bout no trial. But what does he kyar 'bout that, a scoundril!"

The shadow of the pines through which the narrow path ran concealed the expression upon the last speaker's face. The rest of the way to the younger Stiggs's house, nearly a quarter of a mile, was made in silence.

II.

The conduct of Hackit toward his young wife was felt by all as an insult to the quiet and orderly community in which he lived. Added to this, Mrs. Hackit had, before her marriage, been a great belle with the young farmers, and was also largely connected. When it became known that she had "run off" and married Hackit there had been a general feeling of disgust, and her own father, who had done everything to dissuade his wayward daughter from receiving the young man's attentions, forbade her or her husband to come to his house.

"That's mos' alw'ys the way with these fo'ward gals ez 'on't tek nobody's edvice! They thinks they knows better'n ennybody else, an' will go thar own way." The speaker drew the small darning gourd out of a coarse yarn sock, and ran her hand down deep into the foot to see if there were any holes unmended.

"They will git sp'iled ef all the men go' co'tin' 'em, an' mekin' fools on 'em!" said a slatternly looking spinster, who, judged by her own standard, might have been unspoiled and wondrous wise.

"They p'intedly did mek a fool o' her when she 'fused Leish an' took that good-for-nuthin' chance," said the mother, with natural pride and with something of satisfaction in her voice. "An' I nuver could tell how she come not to tek 'im! A hussy! An' that air 'bout the onlies' thing I uver seen 'im mek hi'se'f a fool 'bout!"

"He sho wuz cut up 'bout it when she got married. Lan'! thar war plenty mo' wimen in the worl' 'nuff better lookin' and got a heap mo' sense 'an she is. She's sorry enuff now she nuver took him, I'll be boun'. An' she's foun' out 'fo' this that wearin' sto' clo'es, an' biled shuts, an' red cruvats, is mighty leetle ag'ins' a sober, induschus man!" The speaker rummaged in a pasteboard box for a button.

"An' then they says he uster write to her with sech fire-red ink; an' ez Leish nuver knowed nuthin' about writin', I s'pose that med ag'ins' 'im."

"Waal, Aun' Polly, what air red ink, an' what air a brass watch chain, an' rings with blue glass in 'em, an' hyar drippin' with grease an' parted in the middle?"

"I tell yo', Ma'y Lou'sa, it air a heap!" said the old lady, impatiently, as she threaded the eye of a darning-needle with coarse yarn. "It wair enough to git the gal whar hed promised to hev Leish away from 'im, an' to mek him one o' the miser'blest men in the worl'. An' he air solemner to-night 'an I's seen 'im at all."

A tear rose in the speaker's eye, and the young woman made no remark as she sewed away at the suspender buttons of a pair of trousers she was just finishing.

"I 'clar', it's nine o'clock!" presently said the old lady, looking at the little clock that made up for not striking the hours by loudly ticking the seconds. "Ma'y Lou'sa, yo' better win' up that clock, an' le's go to baid. We's settin' up mighty late to-night!"

"I will tereckly; I mos' done these britches, an' Leish said jes 'fo' he went upstyars he's 'bleeched to hev 'em in the mornin'."

"I hearn 'im say so; but I dinno what he wants to w'ar new britches fer buildin' a 'backer-house. Ain't that pyar he hed on, whar I jes got through patchin' las' week, good enough to git all messed up with turkentine an' rozon?"

"Looks so to me," said the young woman, as she got up to wind the clock. "But he said he wants 'em; so thar they is."

"How did you hyar Sam Hackit hed to be tried to-morrer?" asked the old lady abruptly, as she took off her homespun dress.

"Nancy tol' me this evenin'."

"Waal, huccome she nuver tol' Leish when he wuz thar to supper?"

"So she moughter." There was a pause. "Waal, he nuver said nuthin' about it all the time he's in hyar."

"So he nuver, Aun' Polly; but he ain' say much 'bout nuthin' after he come in 'cep' 'bout wantin' hi' britches, an' axin' ef I gin ole Rose her nubbins."

"I b'lieves *meal* air a heap better'n nubbins fer that cow, ennyway. Mek has'e, Ma'y Lou'sa, an' blow out that lamp; we sho do bu'n a sight o' oil settin' up so late," remarked Mrs. Stiggs, as she got into bed. "Air that gallon nigh out we got week 'fo' las'?"

"'Bout half gone, I b'lieves. Yo' know the nights is gittin' smartly longer now, an' our light-'ood knots is been all out, tell Leish an' Josh brought that load day 'fore istiddy."

The colloquy ended here; and Elisha Stiggs, who had not yet gone to bed, soon heard the snoring down-stairs, and knew that the other inmates of the house were asleep.

III.

Browser's Tavern in days gone by was one of the historic places of the State. Situated upon one of the great thoroughfares where numberless county roads met, this location, from a mercantile stand-point, has long been considered among the best to be found anywhere. "In old times" the stages used to stop here; and beneath the old roof, still standing, lawyers and statesmen, merchants, actors, and pleasure-seekers, have all been sheltered. The place has been owned by three generations of Browsers, and the father of the present owner used to tell, whenever the question of politics was raised, how Clay and Calhoun had both stopped in his house the same night. It was his delight to take off the manner of the great men, and their politeness in complimenting everything about the premises. He also exhibited to those specially favored a pen with which the great apostle of States rights had written a letter while in the house. This precious relic had come down along with the property to the tavern-keeper's son. And though it has been many years since the stages stopped here, and the travelling public sought entertainment at Browser's *Tavern*, yet "Browser's *sto'*" is as important a place in a certain way as was ever Browser's Tavern. Here the "sovereigns" assemble to cast their ballots for county and Federal officers, here was organized the first volunteer company mustered in after the ordinance of secession, and here the survivors of that brave little body of men meet every spring to celebrate the anniversary of their "enlistment for the war" over a good dinner and a flowing bowl.

Not the least of the many important public meetings held at "Browser's" during the year is the Justice's Court that meets "every third Sat'day." This day is sure to bring a large crowd, and the store has always been gladly tendered to the justice who presides, its owner being fully repaid therefor by the custom of those who attend the "tryin's." The day that Sam Hackit was tried was bright and warm. Report of this being the day for the trial had circulated far and wide; and by twelve o'clock, when the court ought to have met, a large crowd had gathered. The assemblage was a remarkable one; for in addition to those loafers and idlers who are always on hand, whether they have any business or not, there were those present who rarely leave their homes to attend any public meeting, and who even grumble when summoned to serve upon a Venire or Grand Jury. It had been evident to the store-keeper from the time that the crowd began to collect in the morning that there was much bitter feeling against the man to be tried, and before the magistrate arrived, Browser, who had from his front door many a time watched with complacency a fist and skull fight that had ended in bloody noses and bruised faces, began to feel uneasy lest his premises should be the scene of mob violence. This feeling had been intensified by the arrival of the injured woman, whose heavy black veil did not conceal the bandage tied round her head. As she walked through the crowd into the store the men stood back, and seemed to shrink from looking at her.

"I sw'ar, I b'lieve Leish is crazy. Jes look at him over thar. The way he jabs that stick in the groun' looks lak he's diggin' a pos' hole." The speaker broke a splinter from the fence against which he was leaning.

"I b'lieve he loves that gal now," answered the person addressed. "Though I dinno huccome he should, 'cuz she cert'nly has done him bad enough."

"I dinno whether he loves her er not; but ef I wuz Sam Hackit I wouldn' lak to meet Leish in the road this mornin', 'thout I's feelin' stronger 'an I know Sam does."

"W'y, Sam looks lak he air powerful strong."

"He's plenty big; but he's done drunk so much whiskey that he ain' got much strengk lef'. An' he alw'ys wuz too much of a coward to fight ennybody but a 'oman. Thar he comes now,—— him!"

A young man got over the fence some thirty feet below the speaker. His figure was bad, and the clothes that he wore were shabby and ill-fitting. Upon his bloated face there was a stubby beard that looked as if it might have been two weeks old. The unsteady gait, as he approached the crowd, added to the appearance of general dissipation that characterized the new-comer. He spoke to several of the by-standers, but his salutation was not returned; and he slunk away to the far corner of the yard. As he did so his ear caught the unfriendly murmur of the crowd, and a shudder of horror came over him. Fortunately for the reputation of the neighborhood, and much to the satisfaction of Browser, the magistrate was seen approaching.

"Hy're yo', squire? Hello, Jeems! Yo' all's ruther late, ain't yo'?" called out several of the by-standers, already grown impatient.

"I dinno that we is," said the magistrate, dismounting and taking off his saddle-bags. "I'm somepin' lak the fellow said that wuz gwine to the gallus: ''Tain' worth while to be in sech a hurry; they kyarn hev no fun tell I gits thar.'"

This piece of pleasantry was appreciated by the crowd through which Burton made his way as fast as he could shake hands with those who pressed forward to greet him. One thing that struck Jeems Broadwater was that the magistrate called all that he spoke to, old and young, by their given names.

IV.

Silas Burton was one of the best magistrates in the county. Without much education, he had implanted in his bosom those principles of natural justice which culture and education combined often fail to impart. Added to this, he was possessed of remarkable courage, which in a measure accounted for his independence of action. The general impression was that he was rather hard upon those violators of the law that were brought before him. This thought gave great satisfaction to those present; for all felt, as the magistrate sat at the little table in the rear of Browser's store, that if Hackit's wife had been treated as report said she had, the penalty of the law would not be spared to her brutal husband. Every available spot in the store was occupied; and as many as could not get seats upon the counters or standing-room inside contented themselves with crowding to the open windows, and at the door behind where the magistrate sat.

The witnesses were called for the commonwealth, both of whom responded.

"Do you represent the accused, Mr. White?" asked the magistrate of a young lawyer who sat by Hackit's side.

"Yes, sir." (The prisoner whispered in his counsel's ear.) "My client objects to your honor's sitting in this case," said the lawyer, willing to relieve himself of the responsibility of the objection, "because of your near relationship to one of the witnesses for the commonwealth."

"Firs' cousin to Jeems Broadwater," answered a man in the crowd to a question asked by his neighbor.

"This cote don' wush to set in no case he ain' wanted in 'thout 'tis his duty," replied the justice; "but the 'bjection o' my bein' nigh kin to a witness fer the commonwealth air met by the fac' that the *pris'ner* air nigher kin to the *main* witness for the commonwealth."

A smile of approval passed over the crowd, and a hollow-cheeked man, down the corners of whose mouth ran a constant stream of tobacco juice, whispered admiringly to the man sitting next him, "Bully fer Silas!"

"Betsey Hackit, come to the book," said the magistrate, picking up the well-worn Testament from the table.

The witness rose from her seat, and placed her right hand upon the book. The lawyer objected to her being examined, under the general rule that "husband and wife may not testify for or against each other." The speaker cited several cases in which the statute had been thus construed, and even referred to the common law. He spoke well, and made such an impression on the magistrate that, after listening patiently for a few minutes, he opened his saddle-bags and took out a small book, which he began to read.

There was a movement of impatience in the crowd. "I nuver 'xpected to see that," said a man holding a 'coon-skin cap in his hand. "A mag'strit readin' outen a book!"

"An' on sech a p'int!" replied a black-whiskered man.

"Silence in cote!" shouted the constable; and several seconds passed before the black-whiskered man again whispered to his neighbor: "Ef a 'oman kyarn tell when her husban' beats her mighty nigh to death, what's to hender *enny* man from beatin' his wife's brains out?"

This puzzling social question was answered by the magistrate's saying: "*Mayo's Guide* says this: 'The law will not permit husband and wife to be witnesses for or against each other, *except* in cases of personal injury by the one to the other. In these cases the wife from necessity is admitted as a witness against her husband.'" The reader looked with an expression of triumph over his spectacles at the lawyer, and then repeated with emphasis the last sentence.

There was a buzz of admiration that was hardly quieted by the magistrate's severe rapping on the pine table. The young woman, who had remained standing during the whole of the discussion as to her competency, threw her veil back and touched the book reverently with her lips. Her hand trembled violently, and there was an expression of indescribable anguish upon the haggard, colorless face, none the less striking for wanting the ruddy glow of health and beauty that had once been the admiration of so many of those present.

Her voice quivered as she spoke, and it was evident that she testified reluctantly. Objection was raised to her being asked any question relating to past misconduct on the part of her husband, but the magistrate promptly overruled it by saying he wanted "to git at all the fac's." By dint of much questioning, all the circumstances connected with the assault were brought out: how, after having been cruelly beaten, she had been thrust out into the storm at night, and forced to fly for protection to those on whom she had no claim but the claim of humanity. She was asked to remove the bandage; and as the deep gash over her left temple was disclosed, there was not a dry eye in the room.

"He nuver knowed what he 'uz doin', sir," said the witness, apologetically; "he 'uz smartly under the influence o' liquor!"

"*That* warn' nuthin' *strange*, wuz it?" asked the magistrate. To this question, however, there was no reply.

The only witnesses called for the defence were two or three from the by-standers to show that Hackit had been drinking heavily before he left the "fish-fry" the evening of the assault.

The lawyer's argument was principally directed to this point: that his client was drunk, and this was evidence of a want of malice on his part. He closed with an eloquent appeal in behalf of the accused, and complimented the devotion that the assaulted party had exhibited toward her husband—"a spirit of forgiveness that breathed the teaching of One who, in the hour of death, had forgiven His murderers, and whose lesson in the present case, if full effect were given thereto, might be the means of reclaiming one so dearly loved from the clutches of a demon that had made him unmindful of the feeling of her whom in his sober moments he prized above life itself."

"He don' prize her off'n, then," said a gray-headed man looking in at the window, as the lawyer sat down.

There was a feeling of impatience as the magistrate got up and walked across to the bucket sitting on the end of an empty whiskey barrel. The crowd at the door parted as he threw out of the tin dipper the little water left therein. A large "chaw" was wrung off from the "'twis'" taken from the pocket of his trousers, as he reseated himself and picked up a short-handled pen.

"This air the wuss case I uver tried," he began, after having rolled the quid from one side of his mouth to the other. "Ef gittin' drunk air enny 'xcuse in law fer constant beatin' an' 'busin' a man's wife, I nuver hearn it befo'. Ef that air *law*, 'tain' *jestice*."

"That 'tain't," said the black-whiskered man, so as to be heard all over the room.

"An' the firs' thing fer a jestice's cote to do air to give jestice. That's huccome we's called jestices, I've hearn." (This *obiter dictum* for the benefit of the crowd.) "But I don' think his gittin' drunk air no 'xcuse in *law*. 'Cuz ef 'tis, huccome it's 'g'ins' the law to git drunk in gen'al, an ef it's 'g'ins' the law to git *drunk*, an' 'g'ins' the law to mek an' '*sault*, I don' see huccome '*tain*' 'g'ins' the law to git drunk *an*' mek an 'sault both. I tharfo' gives Samil Hackit the heavies' penalty: twelve mont's in jail an' twenty dollars fine."

The crowd stirred as the air of approval passed over it. The convicted man exhibited no sign of feeling, except that the keen black eyes, almost closed up by the bloated tissues of his face, had in them a certain look of defiance.

"I appeal, and ask for bail," said the lawyer.

"A thousand dollars," answered the justice, as he put his Testament and *Guide* back into the saddle-bags.

"That's right," "He'll nuver be able to gi'e that," "I wouldn' go on his bon' fer ten cents," were some of the remarks made in the crowd, as the officer took out a form and began to fill the blanks therein.

"Is there nobody here who will go on your bond until the next term of the criminal court?" asked the attorney.

"Nobody," answered the man, doggedly.

"Then you'll have to go to jail."

The justice folded up the *miltimus* and handed it to the constable, who deposited it in the big leather pocket-book of his inside pocket, and said, in a kind but positive voice, "Come, Hackit; le's go."

The convicted man started to rise, but with an agonizing shriek that filled all present with horror, his wife threw herself upon him, and for a second impeded his movement. As, however, he roughly unclasped the hands, and freed himself from her embrace by standing erect, the woman sank down, and would have fallen heavily to the ground had she not been caught by the strong arm of a man who shouldered his way through the crowd, and sprang forward at that second.

"I'm worth that much, an' 'ill go on his bon'. Write it up thar at once, squire. Fetch some water hyar! Quick! Hurry up thar, somebody!" shouted the man, excitedly, as the woman's head rested on his knee.

"Gi'e her *this*, Leish."

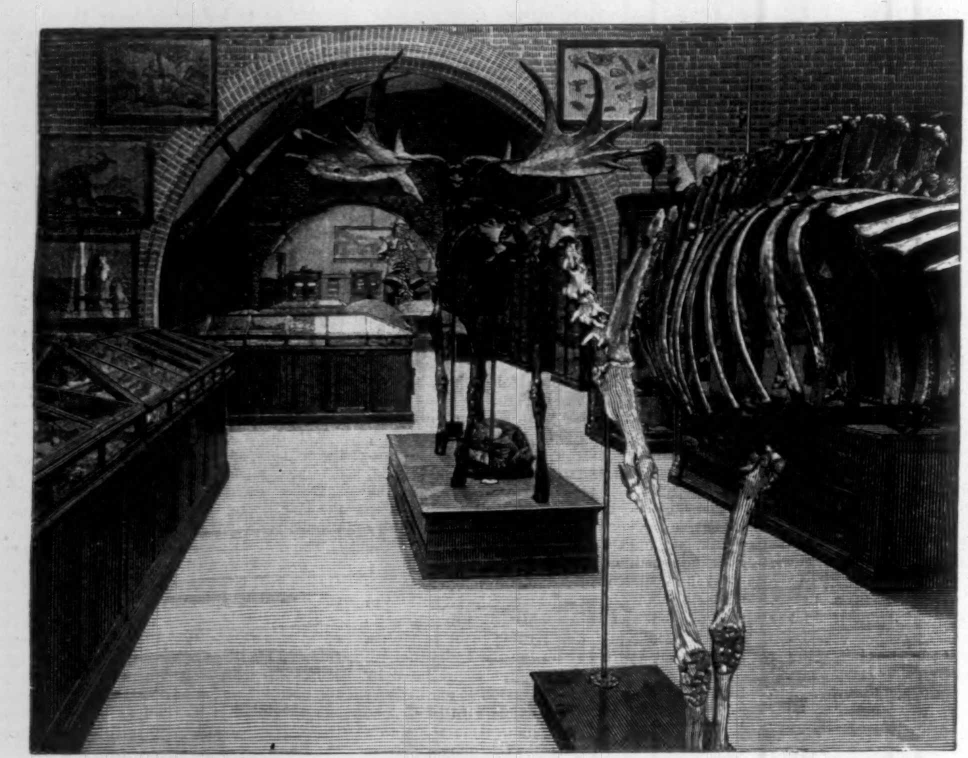
"Ah! that yo', Browser! My God! she kyarn swaller. Stan' back from the winder, men! Tek my colt, Josh, an' fer God's sake git Doctor Brokenb'ro hyar at once. Great God! look at them eyes!"

V.

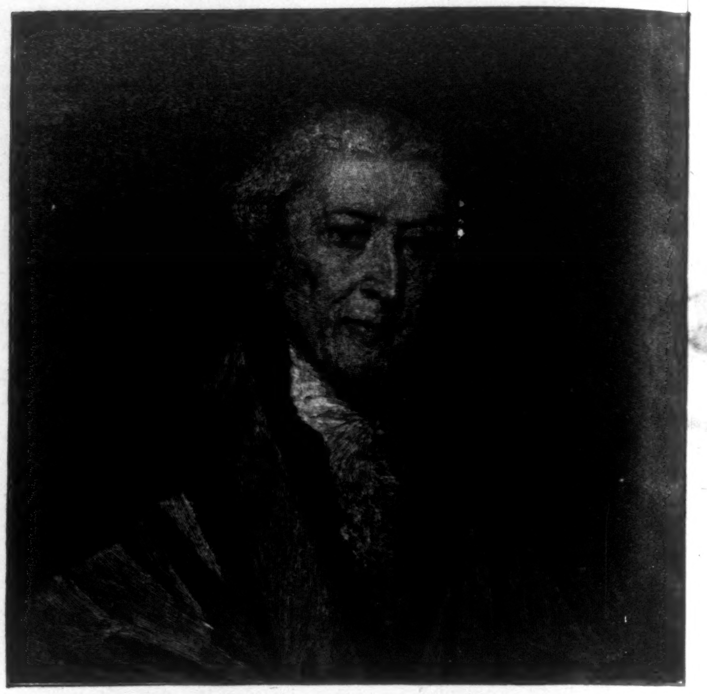
"Call the docket!" said the County Judge, on the second morning of the criminal term.

"Commonwealth against Samuel Hackit," read the clerk. "Assault."

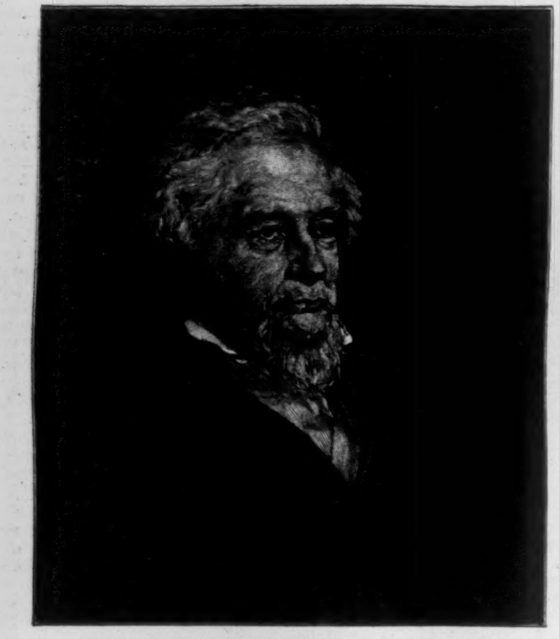
[*Continued on page 288.*]



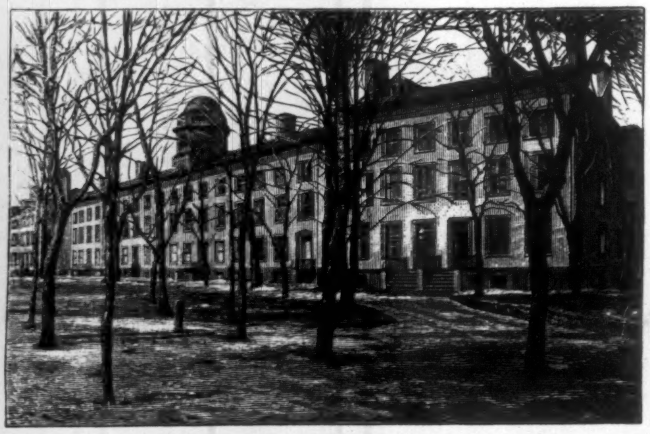
THE ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM.



WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.

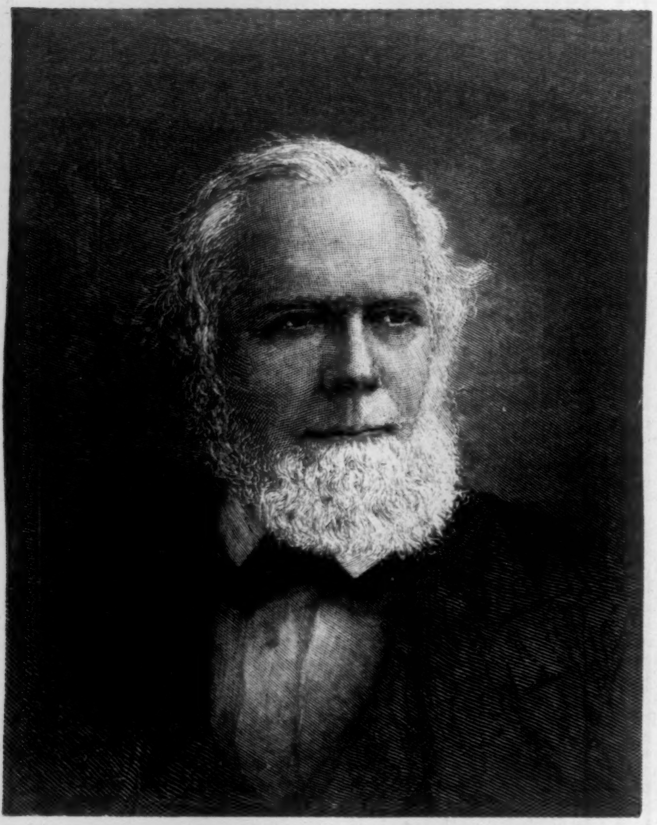


JOHN McVICKAR, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, 1817-64.

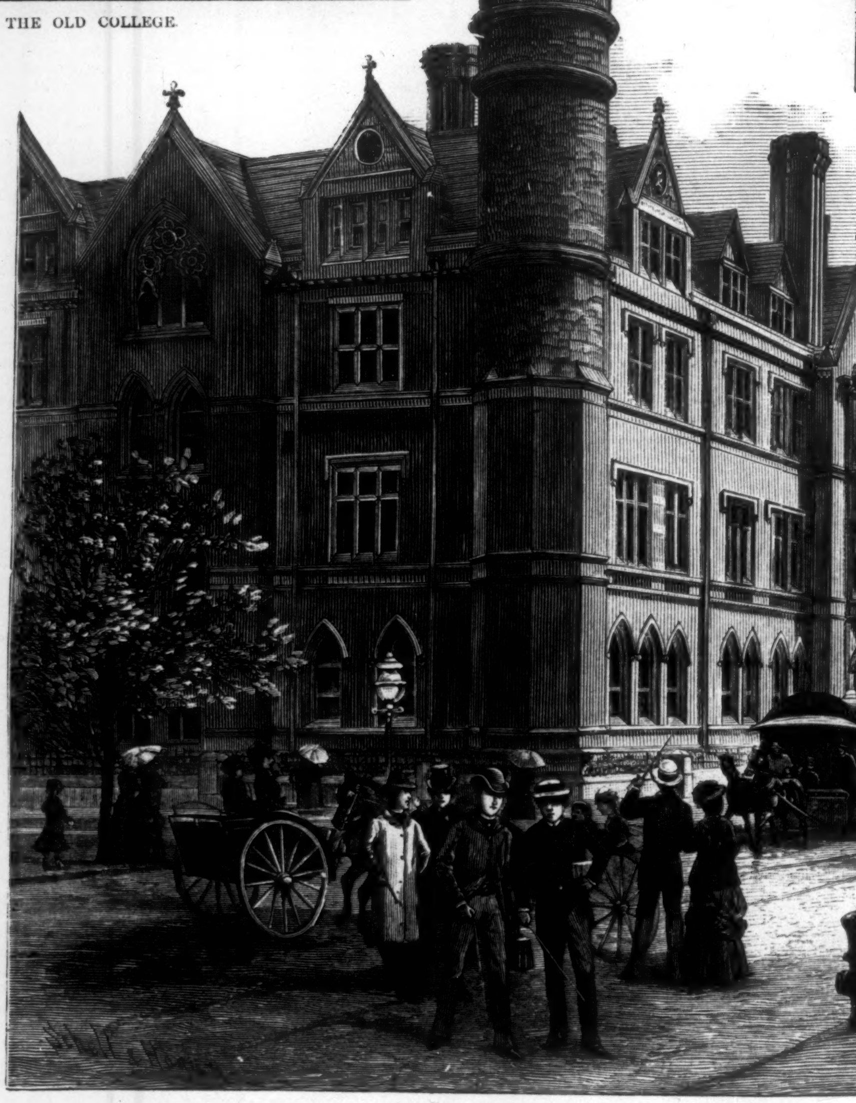


THE OLD COLLEGE.

STAIRWAY

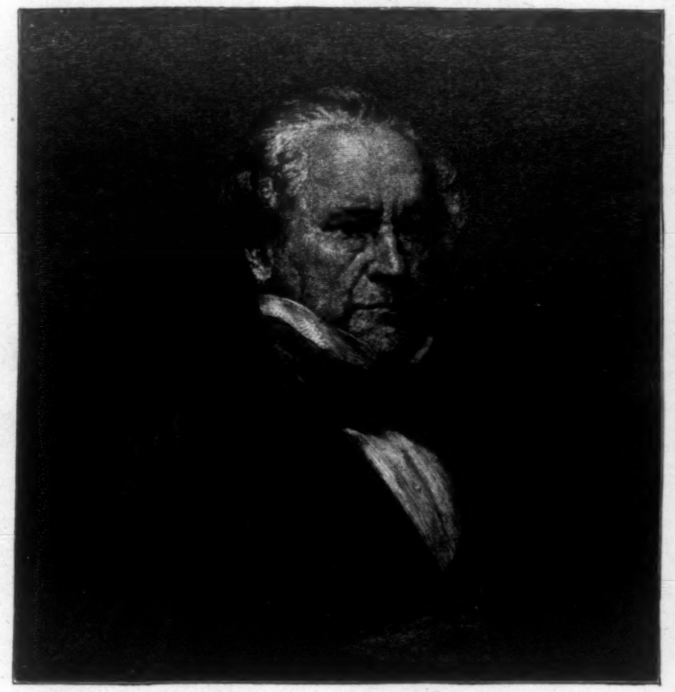


HENRY DRISLER, PROFESSOR OF GREEK, AND SENIOR MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.

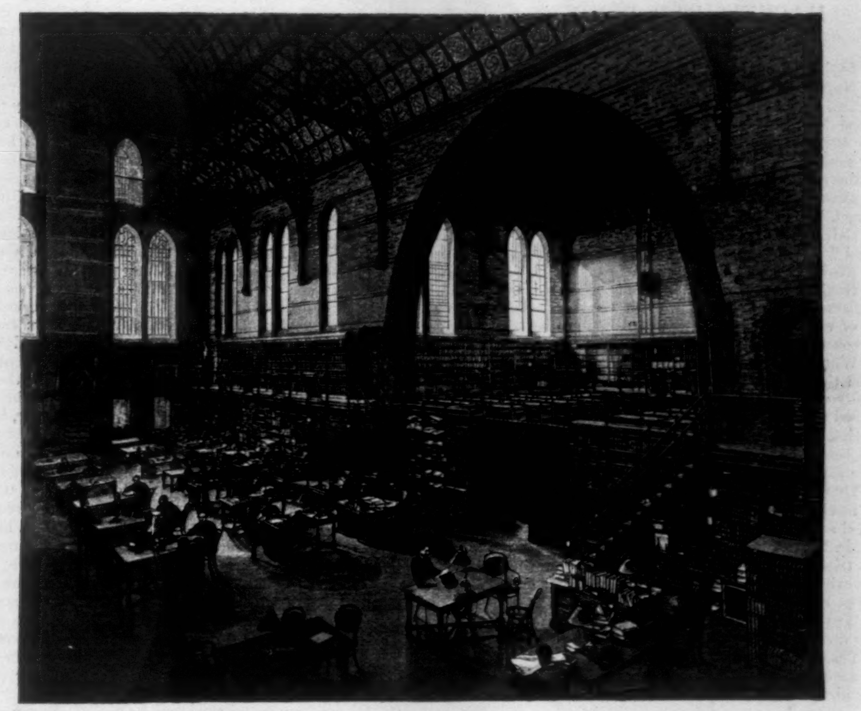


THE MADISON AVENUE FRONT.

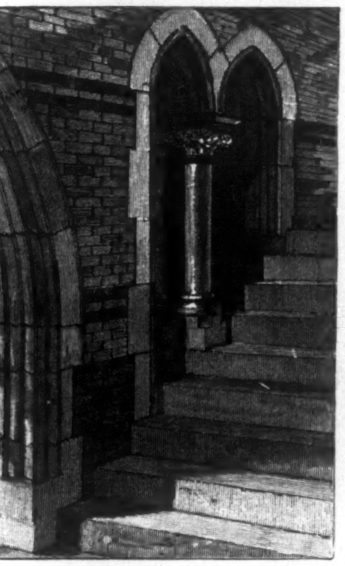
THE COLUMBIA CENTENNIAL—SKETCHES OF THE COLLEGE AND SOM



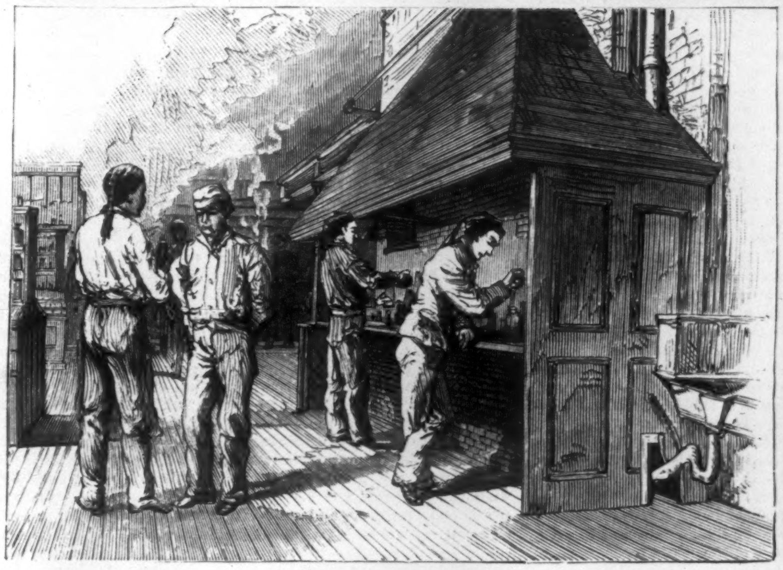
CHARLES ANTHON, PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND LATIN, 1820-67.



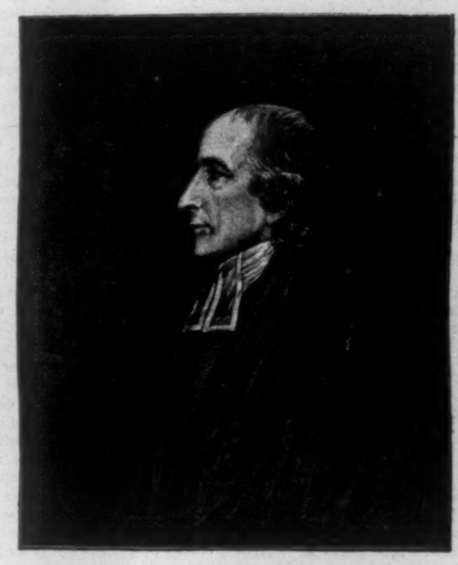
THE LIBRARY.



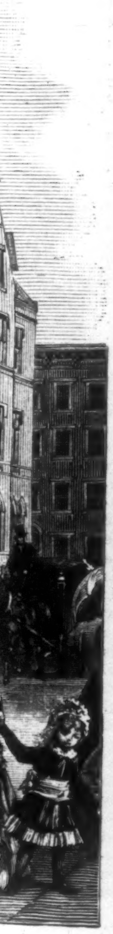
Y LEADING TO LIBRARY.

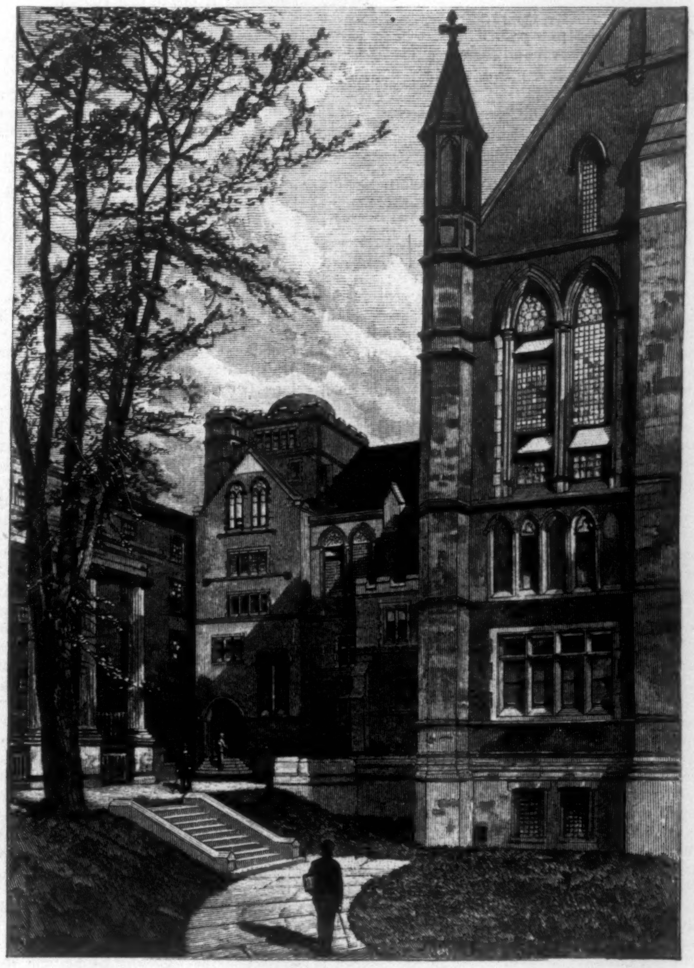


IN THE SCHOOL OF MINES.

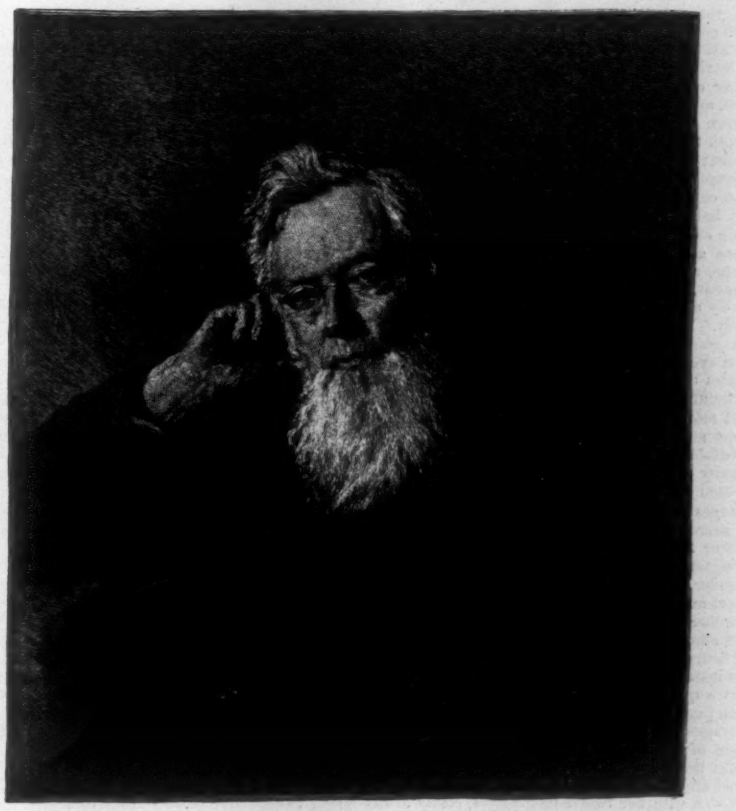


BENJAMIN MOORE, THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.





A BIT OF OLD AND NEW.



FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, THE PRESENT PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.

ME OF ITS PRESIDENTS AND PROFESSORS.—[SEE PAGE 279.]